

The Saturday Review

AN ALBERTAN WEEKLY REVIEW

VOL. VI, No. 11.

EDMONTON, ALBERTA, SATURDAY, MARCH 4th, 1911.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

Jasper's Note Book

We complain about the lack of interest displayed by the mass of citizens in municipal affairs and declare that but for this we should have better civic government. Yet when a good sized town row is on, what other topic has a chance alongside it.

The trouble with all politics is that most people get stirred up over it only when some one is calling somebody else a liar or a thief. When it comes to discussing a problem that has the most vital bearing on the future of each one of us in an unimpassioned and business-like fashion, the average citizen immediately turns his attention to the prize-fight news or the latest tit-bit of street corner scandal. All of this is very discouraging and it

is the gre institution ent and it

All th through mill but it the po increase rise, mak unity of full adva a commu ever gain virtuous

The strated in the mark talking they had who visi city has a people of that of a it wanted them, the able resp if an am to. All exercise

Mr. \$60,000 More wa which he has been distributing his money all over the world, it was not reasonable to expect more. With this sum available, an institution may be established, which will make a difference to a great many people in Edmonton. What the board should keep in view at all times is the strictly educational purpose of such library.

It is a matter of considerable doubt whether libraries as conducted in some cities are really a public benefit. The bulk of the people who patronize them do so not with the idea of widening the scope of their knowledge. The demand is almost wholly for fiction, and though objectionable books are abounded, the inordinate reading of novels that goes on hurts rather than helps those who indulge in it.

There is no excuse for spending public money to stimulate this craving. It would be infinitely preferable to use it in providing free dramatic performances and we are hardly prepared for that.

The proper function of such a library is to help those who desire to educate themselves by reading. A man who takes complete advantage of what a well selected collection of books has to offer need never deplore the fact that fate did not send him to a university.

Because the great demand is for fiction, the library board has no justification in starving any of the other branches for the sake of acceding to the popular desire. The test of the institution's usefulness is not the number but the character of the readers who make use of it.

What it must aim at is the creation of a well-informed, clear-thinking body of citizens. In order to help realize this object, it cannot restrict itself to the providing of books. The holding of popular lectures on literary and scientific subjects, which serve to stimulate thought is a very necessary feature of its work.

The first series of articles by Mr. Gibbs which

was published in the Saturday News of last week has aroused much interest. He has made a thorough study of a subject which it is absolutely imperative should be given immediate consideration to in Edmonton. The whole future well-being of the city depends on our doing so. Not to make adequate provision for the hundreds of thousands of people who will without a doubt find their homes within our borders in the not very distant future is a piece of neglectfulness of which there can be no excuse.

But it is not only posterity that we must consider. The need is a great and a growing one for the present generation. The words of John Burns which Mr. Gibbs quotes in this week's article should strike home. The problem lies at the basis of all

brought to us from the Book of Leviticus," said Dr. Elliott, "We must get rid of the idea taught us for thousands of years; that man is born in sin. The transmission of life is the most sacred and holy thing in life. What we need is a new kind of teaching. Relief from present conditions can be brought about only through public discussion. We must teach everyone that immorality is the destruction of character as well as life."

Dr. Elliott has started what, it is to be hoped, will prove a movement productive of immense good. There is no question that for centuries humanity has suffered through the acceptance of a horrible idea. The whole subject cannot be given too great publicity. He argues very strongly for large families. While agreeing with him in his

Microfilmed by FLOFILM Process

SUB DIVISION

first time

ver, a dis

the purpose and insuring n, and that

no one should have more children than he can support decently.

"Who ever makes the statement," said Dr. Carver, "that no restriction of the birth rate can be supported by economics is certainly not taking the point of view of most economists. Marriage itself is nothing more or less than an economic contrivance to control the birth rate. Its purpose is to make every person responsible for the off-spring he produces."

"Certainly no economist will admit that a man should have children before he is qualified to support them. In cases where a man persisted in having more children than he could support, more than his salary would care for, I suppose the state would look out for the extra children."

Without attempting to take up the controversy on this subject it may be said that it is a very encouraging sign of the times to find people so much more disposed to face facts in this connection. If we are to improve the character of the race, we must consider the conditions under which new lives are started and endeavor to make these such as will conduce to the general uplift. It is shocking that no attempt has been made to impose restrictions on marriage. The Canadian Colliers in its last issue has this comment to make on a case in Ontario which has a very decided bearing on the problem.

"There is food for thought," it declares, "in the family history of George Vanstone, who lies in Goderich jail on a charge of murder. Vanstone pounded his little son to death with a broomstick because he could not count up to twenty. He has a first cousin in London insane asylum, suffering from Huntington's chorea, a nervous disease which anywhere after thirty, kills its victim or leaves him insane. The Vanstone family chart, which goes back four generations, shows the great-grandfather and six of his children dead of the family taint and

THE CIVIC SITUATION.

After a week of unusual excitement, the municipal situation has quieted down very considerably as this issue goes to press and we find suggestions being thrown out that perhaps it would be advisable to come to a working agreement so that the city's business may go on. This is a consideration of some importance, now we come to think of it, and the pity is that it did not dawn on the minds of the parties to the controversy a trifle earlier.

It was because of the disarrangement of the whole system of civic government which was bound to ensue from the council's precipitate action that the Saturday News has felt that it was open to serious criticism.

It has never been shown conclusively that in appointing Mr. Bouillon to the post of commissioner it had the information as to his qualifications that it should have acquired before placing him in charge. Since we have had the opportunity of sizing him up ourselves, he impresses one as possessed of technical ability and to be a man of strict integrity. On the other hand he has very decided defects of temperament, which must militate against his usefulness.

But having placed him in charge of the city's utilities and allowed him to go ahead thus far with his administrative programme, it was folly at the opening of the year's work for the councillors to set out to get rid of him. To do so was to produce anarchy at a time when settled conditions at the city hall were imperative.

Moreover, the movement against him was conducted in direct violation of the city charter. This was made absolutely clear by the statement of Mr. Justice Beck in continuing the injunction against the council this week. The outcry which resulted from the appeal to the courts was rendered absurd by the text of his judgment. Those who sought legal aid in preventing the dismissal of Mr. Bouillon were clearly within their rights.

The injunction has been continued till March 15. By that time it is earnestly to be hoped that reasonable counsels will have prevailed and that a general understanding will be arrived at. The council should be allowed to proceed with the season's work unimpeded by public controversy. If results are not satisfactory at the close of the year, then get rid of him. But drop the agitation for the meanwhile.

one living with it. In another branch of the family the hereditary curse skipped two generations, to reappear in the third, afflicting thirteen, of whom four are at present in asylums and eight are dead. The alienists are a long way from reaching the mind diseased. In an age of increasing complexity and pressure, and therefore of increasing insanity, it seems strange that brain therapy does not march faster than it does. The sins and mental weaknesses of the fathers are still visited upon the children to the third and fourth generations."

Why should this be allowed? The Indiana Legislature recently passed a bill to require all applicants for marriage licenses to present a certificate of health. The governor, however, intends to veto it because, as he says, it would rob marriage of its romance. A more foolish statement from a man in a responsible post would be difficult to imagine.

I think it well worth while to reproduce the following from a daily paper which appeared there a few weeks ago as one of the minor news items of the day:

Constable Thorne, R. N. W. M. P., who succeeded in rescuing a frozen trapper some twenty-five miles north of Prairie Creek has gone out with pack horses to recover the body of the companion

(Continued on page eight)

The Saturday News

AN ALBERTAN WEEKLY REVIEW

VOL. VI, No. 11.

EDMONTON, ALBERTA, SATURDAY, MARCH 4th, 1911.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

Jasper's Note Book

We complain about the lack of interest displayed by the mass of citizens in municipal affairs and declare that but for this we should have better civic government. Yet when a good sized town row is on, what other topic has a chance alongside it.

The trouble with all politics is that most people get stirred up over it only when some one is calling somebody else a liar or a thief. When it comes to discussing a problem that has the most vital bearing on the future of each one of us in an unimpassioned and business-like fashion, the average citizen immediately turns his attention to the prize-fight news or the latest tit-bit of street corner scandal. All of this is very discouraging and it is the great task of those who believe in democratic institutions to try and bring about a more consistent and intelligent interest in public matters.

All the excitement that we have been passing through is the best kind of grist for the newspaper mill but it does not do the city any good. It gives it the poorest kind of an advertisement and by the increase of ill-will and suspicion to which it gives rise, makes it very difficult for us to act with that unity of spirit which is necessary if we are to take full advantage of the opportunities open to us as a community. Cool down, gentlemen. No one ever gained anything by losing his temper, however virtuous his indignation might be.

The folly of flying off the handle is well illustrated in connection with this matter of controlling the market privileges and if instead of our aldermen talking about all farmers being naturally cheats, they had held a quiet conference with the producers who visit the market and showed them that the city has all the good will in the world towards the people of the country round, on whose prosperity that of all townsfolk so largely depends, and that it wanted to deal in a spirit of perfect fairness with them, there would undoubtedly have been a reasonable response on the other side. It now looks as if an amicable arrangement will be speedily come to. All that was necessary at the first was the exercise of a little everyday common-sense.

Mr. Carnegie has agreed to make a grant of \$80,000 towards the city's public library scheme. More was hoped for but, considering the way in which he has been distributing his money all over the world, it was not reasonable to expect more. With this sum available, an institution may be established, which will make a difference to a great many people in Edmonton. What the board should keep in view at all times is the strictly educational purpose of such library.

It is a matter of considerable doubt whether libraries as conducted in some cities are really a public benefit. The bulk of the people who patronize them do so not with the idea of widening the scope of their knowledge. The demand is almost wholly for fiction, and though objectionable books are abounded, the inordinate reading of novels that goes on hurts rather than helps those who indulge in it.

There is no excuse for spending public money to stimulate this craving. It would be infinitely preferable to use it in providing free dramatic performances and we are hardly prepared for that.

The proper function of such a library is to help those who desire to educate themselves by reading. A man who takes complete advantage of what a well selected collection of books has to offer need never deplore the fact that fate did not send him to a university.

Because the great demand is for fiction, the library board has no justification in starving any of the other branches for the sake of acceding to the popular desire. The test of the institution's usefulness is not the number but the character of the readers who make use of it.

What it must aim at is the creation of a well-informed, clear-thinking body of citizens. In order to help realize this object, it cannot restrict itself to the providing of books. The holding of popular lectures on literary and scientific subjects, which serve to stimulate thought is a very necessary feature of its work.

The first series of articles by Mr. Gibbs which

was published in the Saturday News of last week has aroused much interest. He has made a thorough study of a subject which it is absolutely imperative should be given immediate consideration to in Edmonton. The whole future well-being of the city depends on our doing so. Not to make adequate provision for the hundreds of thousands of people who will without a doubt find their homes within our borders in the not very distant future is a piece of neglectfulness of which there can be no excuse.

But it is not only posterity that we must consider. The need is a great and a growing one for the present generation. The words of John Burns which Mr. Gibbs quotes in this week's article should strike home. The problem lies at the basis of all

brought to us from the Book of Leviticus," said Dr. Elliott, "We must get rid of the idea taught us for thousands of years; that man is born in sin. The transmission of life is the most sacred and holy thing in life. What we need is a new kind of teaching. Relief from present conditions can be brought about only through public discussion. We must teach everyone that immorality is the destruction of character as well as life."

Dr. Elliott has started what, it is to be hoped, will prove a movement productive of immense good. There is no question that for centuries humanity has suffered through the acceptance of a horrible idea. The whole subject cannot be given too great publicity. He argues very strongly for large families. While agreeing with him in his



"THE LOVERS," by Leonardo Bistolfi. One of the earliest works of the greatest sculptor of modern Italy, recently exhibited for the first time. It has won enthusiastic praise from all art lovers of all nations.

genuine progress. If we do not take advantage of the chance that is offered, we are quite unworthy of the good fortune of having such a city and such a country for our home.

It is of interest to note what Calgary is doing in this connection. The southern city has few natural advantages to work upon as compared with Edmonton, but it is determined to make the most of these. A year or so ago, it made a very wise move in bringing out from the east a park superintendent of experience. He is now returning to Ontario to accept a much more remunerative post there, but during his sojourn in Calgary he has succeeded in arousing an interest in the subject of civic improvement which is bound to have the most gratifying results. A Park Board has been constituted, which expects this year to spend \$50,000 in expanding its system, in addition to \$21,000 for regular maintenance purposes. The casual visitor who on a hot and dusty summer day has gone to St. George's Island, a haven of rest if ever there was one, will be able to appreciate just what the movement must mean, not to the Calgaryans of the year 1950 but to the hard-working citizens of today.

There is an idea abroad that all this agitation has as its object the improving of conditions for the well-to-do. How it could have arisen is a mystery. The rich man can run away to the seashore or to his country estate. But what chance has the man who toils long hours and whose dependent upon him if they cannot get away occasionally from the deadly dullness of their workaday surroundings?

A discussion has been going on in Boston between several well-known men on a subject which, while it is a fundamental one, is shunned as a result of an altogether false idea of modesty. The late president of Harvard University instituted an appeal for the teaching of hygiene in the schools and in doing so deplored the influence of the Book of Leviticus which, he declared, maligned motherhood in its assertion that children were born in sin. He declared for early marriage on the ground that it would make for morality.

"We must get rid of these monstrous things

THE CIVIC SITUATION.

After a week of unusual excitement, the municipal situation has quieted down very considerably as this issue goes to press and we find suggestions being thrown out that perhaps it would be advisable to come to a working agreement so that the city's business may go on. This is a consideration of some importance, now we come to think of it, and the pity is that it did not dawn on the minds of the parties to the controversy a trifle earlier.

It was because of the disarrangement of the whole system of civic government which was bound to ensue from the council's precipitate action that the Saturday News has felt that it was open to serious criticism.

It has never been shown conclusively that in appointing Mr. Bouillon to the post of commissioner it had the information as to his qualifications that it should have acquired before placing him in charge. Since we have had the opportunity of sizing him up ourselves, he impresses one as possessed of technical ability and to be a man of strict integrity. On the other hand he has very decided defects of temperament, which must militate against his usefulness.

But having placed him in charge of the city's utilities and allowed him to go ahead thus far with his administrative programme, it was folly at the opening of the year's work for the councillors to set out to get rid of him. To do so was to produce anarchy as a time when settled conditions at the city hall were imperative.

Moreover, the movement against him was conducted in direct violation of the city charter. This was made absolutely clear by the statement of Mr. Justice Beck in continuing the injunction against the council this week. The outcry which resulted from the appeal to the courts was rendered absurd by the text of his judgment. Those who sought legal aid in preventing the dismissal of Mr. Bouillon were clearly within their rights.

The injunction has been continued till March 15. By that time it is earnestly to be hoped that reasonable counsels will have prevailed and that a general understanding will be arrived at so that the city's business may be allowed to proceed with the season's work unimpeded by public controversy. If results are not satisfactory at the close of the year, then get rid of him. But drop the agitation for the meanwhile.

one living with it. In another branch of the family the hereditary curse skipped two generations, to reappear in the third, afflicting thirteen, of whom four are at present in asylums and eight are dead. The alienists are a long way from reaching the mind diseased. In an age of increasing complexity and pressure, and therefore of increasing insanity, it seems strange that brain therapy does not march faster than it does. The sins and mental weaknesses of the fathers are still visited upon the children to the third and fourth generations.

Why should this be allowed? The Indiana Legislature recently passed a bill to require all applicants for marriage licenses to present a certificate of health. The governor, however, intends to veto it because, as he says, it would rob marriage of its romance. A more foolish statement from a man in a responsible post would be difficult to imagine.

I think it well worth while to reproduce the following from a daily paper which appeared there a few weeks ago as one of the minor news items of the day:

Constable Thorne, R. N. W. M. P., who succeeded in rescuing a frozen trapper some twenty-five miles north of Prairie Creek has gone out with pack horses to recover the body of the companion

(Continued on page eight)

Music and Drama

Our British Warblers.

"The English," says a Roman journal, "may not be so truly a musical nation as Germany, Italy or France, but how they love singing! In no country in the world can so much vocal music be heard."

Hark! our little sea-girl isle is ringing
Ever with a flood of well-meant song!

Not that we are really great at singing,
But we make endeavor all day long.

What if less true music be resulting
From our labors
Than from the performance of our
Continental neighbors?

Yes, when Mary carols in the kitchen,
From the laws of minstrelsy immune,

What if all her melody be rich in
Trivial little faults of time or tune?

Is it mine to be too hypercritical or
snappy
Seeing my domestic is so obviously
happy?

When my butcher's ruddy-cheeked
apprentice
Warbles as he makes his daily raid,
Shall I rush out, fuming, to prevent
his

Strenuous if tuneless serenade?
Shall I smite the "mummer" who with
obvious enjoyment

Nasally intones about the woes of
unemployment?

Nay, I would prefer to let them
treasure

Still the fond delusion that they
sing,

If it truly gives them any pleasure,
But my muse dislikes that sort of
thing,

And aware that no one else can fill
her high position,
Sulks in utter dumbness at a hint of
competition!

—Toussaint, in London Daily Mail.

This has been a week that Edmonton playgoers will not soon forget. It was a great opportunity which was given them in the visit of Mr. Edward Terry, and they rose to it in such a way as should put the city in class A with the dramatic underwriters. At each of the four performances the Empire was crowded to capacity with most enthusiastic audiences. It was a splendid tribute to a really great man, and his fine characterizations will long remain a delightful memory. On the opening night he appeared in the most famous of his roles, that of Dick Phenyl in "Sweet Lavender," which he first produced twenty-three years ago.

Piero is not a playwright to whom my heart warms, and the latter offerings of Mr. Terry's engagement appeared to me as superior in every way to the much better known "Sweet Lavender," but in this, one of his earliest successes we see Piero at his best. It has a freshness which is quite lacking in his problem plays of more mature years, and it is the part of Dick Phenyl, as interpreted by Mr. Terry, that has made it what it is. It is a masterly bit of work.

But on the second evening in "Liberty Hall" he had quite as lovable though altogether different a character to portray in William Todman, the Bloomsbury book-seller. In "The Tinsmith of Nuremberg," there is a very strong analogy to his Todman, while in "The Magistrate" his fun-making capacity was given full scope.

Of Mr. Terry's own work there is but one thing to say. It was that of a perfect artist, schooled in the best traditions of the British stage. With him were several who were in all respects quite worthy of the distinguished company in which they were playing. In "Liberty Hall," Mr. Temple Powell shared the honors with his chief. His Mr. Owen was a piece of powerful and finished acting. Throughout the engagement he was a source of the greatest strength. Mr. William Dexter, as Dr. Melrose, and particularly as Mr. Brinsford, was the perfection of character acting. Miss Verne, as Mrs. Gilliland and Crafer, was Mr. Dexter's counterpart. Miss Leigh was much better as Minnie Gilliland than in the heavier roles. Some of the others hardly measured up to the high standards that we had reason to expect, but what so much to admire and praise

one hesitates to indulge even in minor criticism. It was all a genuine treat, and it is to be earnestly hoped that fate and the dramatic managers will send Mr. Terry and his associates our way once more before many years have passed.

On such an occasion as Mr. Terry's visit, the audience is at times as interesting a study as the company itself. One could not help being impressed with the keen appreciation which was shown of the finer points of the acting. I am certain that nowhere else in Canada would a more thoroughly intelligent audience have been found, which says a great deal for the class of people which Edmonton has drawn to its midst. There were incidents in the different plays which brought laughter when the reverse of humorous effect was intended. For instance, when Dick Phenyl, in his remorse, breaks his promise to Clem and drinks himself into a state of intoxication? A situation of more genuine tragedy would be hard to imagine. But this happens everywhere. The drunken man has been for so long the butt of the alleged humorist that many have acquired the habit of taking amusement out of his plight. On the whole, however, Mr. Terry and his associates must have been more than pleased with the manner in which their efforts were received in what must have appeared to them, at the commencement of their journey, as the jumping-off place of civilization.

Anent what was said in this column last week as to the extent to which the charm of Miss Parlow's music lay in its simplicity, the following expression of opinion from Reginald de Koven is worth noting. "There may," he said recently, "be those sufficiently advanced in thought to see in the cacophonous dissonances of the modern school the dawn of a new musical era. Personally I am inclined to hope that the so-called modern music is a transient phase, and that there will be a long recurrence to saner expressions of thought and a reaction in favor of the forms and theories which have made music par excellence the art of emotional beauty."

A letter on dramatic topics tells of the real supper that is served in Henry Miller's new play "The Havoc." It is sent around each night from a restaurant near-by and is referred to as a pleasant change from the empty dishes and make-believe that audiences are accustomed to. That old favorite, "Shore Acres," went further than this. In that play a Christmas dinner was actually cooked on the stage, and the appetizing smell of the turkey made many in the audience wish they could be invited to participate.

Henry E. Dixey, who died the other day at the age of 57, was a rising young actor in the days when Booth and Barrett were in their prime. He was a sterling player and carried into the twentieth century the best ideas of the great school to which he belonged.

When Enrico Caruso entered the Metropolitan Opera House one day last week he carried something in his arm. "Here!" said he to the expert and amiable chorus master, Guilla Setti, as he handed his burden to him, "This is for your pupils."

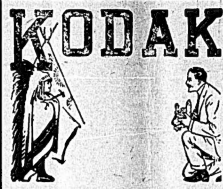
So heavy was the bundle he received that little Setti, innocent of its contents, almost dropped it to the floor. In struggling to keep his hold, however, he felt the resistance of a hard yet yielding substance, while his ears caught the suspicious jingle of metal.

"What do you mean?" stammered Setti. "Is this money?" "Sure," said Caruso good naturedly, "take a look."

Toscanini's musical assistant untied the package, and opening the bag within looked into a glittering and clinking mass of shining pieces of gold, each a five dollar coin of the latest type, bearing the picturesque head of an Indian.

"Ma carò!" exclaimed Setti, "are you in earnest?" "Ma carò!" answered Caruso, "I certainly am."

"There are 120 men and women in the chorus, are there not?" he continued. "Well that is exactly the number of five-dollar pieces in the bag, and I want you to give one to each of those singers, whether he or she be Italian, German or Irish."



A Kodak

We have them from \$1.00 to \$65.00

AGNES DEAN CAMERON the lecturer on this country secured practically all her views with an \$8.00 camera

We carry a complete line of Photographic Supplies.

GEO. H. GRAYDON

KING EDWARD PHARMACY

260 JASPER AVE. EAST

Call and look over our stock

"Is today your birthday?" asked Setti, with natural curiosity.

"Believe me!" answered the tenor, "it is not. I just had a fancy to show what I think of the greatest opera chorists in the world."

The idea of showing such generosity to his less fortunate brother and sister singers on the Metropolitan stage was not originally Caruso's, however. The impulse was given, it stems, by a false report printed in an Italian paper.

This is the way it happened: Caruso, who lives in the Knickerbocker Hotel, has given occasionally to his employees of the hotel handsome presents. In one of these generous moods a correspondent for an Italian paper one day saw him distributing several pieces of gold. The foreign journalist somehow got the impression that he was giving the plitening coin to members of the opera chorus, and sent a report to his paper to that effect.

Only a few days ago a copy of the newspaper in which the story appeared reached Caruso, and the tenor decided forthwith to send a denial by cable, in order that he would not appear to be sailing under false colors. A little reflection, however, made him think of a still better method of settling the difficulty. He would make the fictitious story true. And so Caruso sent to his bank for a bag of \$600 in five-dollar gold pieces.—New York Sun.

cessful play. A good novel might reach as many, but even a good novel would hardly impress its readers as vividly as an acted drama does its audience. Clearly the only method by which the political opponent can parry such a blow is to produce another play. We may have a "Gladstone" written by a devoted adherent of Lloyd-George and Asquith. But even that would hardly restore the balance, for there is small chance that a play on Gladstone could achieve as wide a hearing as one upon his vastly more picturesque and more theatrical rival. So the Imperialist wins out because Dizzy was the better actor, not because Gladstone was the worse statesman.

The transgacon in the Suez Canal has been already judged by history, which has not refused to Disraeli his full share of credit therein. But history has not altogether reached a definite conclusion upon the creation of the title, "Empress of India," an act which is most glorified in Mr. Parker's play, and there will be many who cannot take its sympathetic view of the motives of it as Mr. Parker does. Moreover, the recent but apparently abortive Northcliffe agitation for extending the scope of the "Empress" title gives the question a live political application.

No one, Gladstonian or otherwise, will object to Mr. Parker's teaching his audience to love "Dizzy" for his wit and his imagination and his daring.

Katiska, Mrs. W. R. Winter; Ko Ko, Mr. George Forbes; The Mikado, Mr. Ernest Willis; Nanki Poo, Mr. Cecil Hollins; Fish Tush, Mr. J. B. R. Hill; Pkat Sing, Miss Emma Charlebois; Deep Ho, Miss Constance Wilson. Mr. Howells was the efficient musical director.

The charges made by those who organize the Paris "claque" have recently been published, the rates being as follows:

Ordinary handclapping \$.75
Repetition 3.75
Three repetitions 4.00
Stamping of feet 4.00
Creating an excitement 5.00
Missing down first attempts of applause, then renewing and increasing it, as if the intelligent in the audience were getting the upper hand 5.00
Laughter, ordinary75
Roar of laughter 1.75
Exclamations of joy 2.35

It should be taken into consideration that the above rates are paid to the chief of the claque, who, out of this fund pays his dunderlings.

AN HONEST STATESMAN.

A public man of Georgia believes his state excels all others in its sense of civic and political honesty. This story is given in the Sunday Magazine to prove it.

A wealthy farmer named Sneads,

A SONG OF THE PLOW.

(By Alfred Noyes. From the "Enchanted Island.")

Morning.

Idle, comfortable, bare,
The broad bleak acre lie;
The plowman guides the sharp plowshare
Steadily nigh.

The big plow-horses lift
And climb from the marge of the sea,
And the clouds of their breath on the clear wind drift
Over the fallow lea.

Streaming up with the yoke,
Brown as the sweet-smelling loam,
Through a sun-swept smother of sweat and smoke
The two great horses come.

Up through the raw, cold morn
They trample and drag and swing;
And my dreams are waving with un-grown corn.

In a far-off spring.

It is my soul lies bare
Between the hills and the sea;
Come, plowman, life, with thy sharp plowshare,
And plow the field for me.

Evening.

Over the darkening plain
As the stars regain the sky,
Steals the gloom of an unseen rein
Steadily nigh.

Lost in the deepening red
The sea has forgotten the shore;
The great dark seeds with their muffled tread
Draw near once more.

To the furrow's end they sweep
Like a somber wave of the sea,
Lifting its crest to challenge the deep
Fush of Eternity.

Still for a moment they stand,
Massed on the sun's red death,
A surge of bronze, too great, too grand,
To endure for more than a breath.

Only a billow and stream
Of muscle and flank and mane
Like darkling mountain-cataracts gleam
Gript in a Titan's rein.

Once more from the furrow's end
They wheel to the fallow lea,
And down the muffled slope descend
To the sleeping sea.

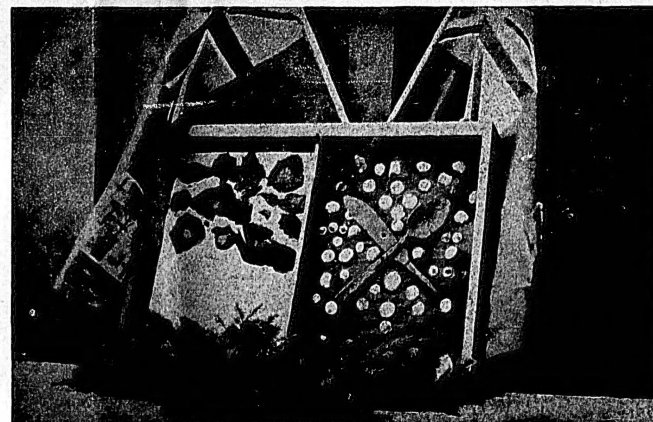
And the fibrous knos of clay,
And the sun-dried clots of rough
Clave, and the sunsoaked clods the gray
Waste and the stony darrth.

O, broad and dusky and sweet
The sunset cove of the world!
But my dreams are waving with golden wheat
In a still strange field.

My soul, my soul lies bare,
Between the hills and the sea;
Come, plowman, Death, with thy sharp plowshare,
And plow the field for me.

Heavily grows out of the contemplation of truth.

The scowler is at times a pleasant exchange for a smile.



RELICS OF THE BATTLE OF LUNDY'S LANE.

Some weeks ago the ceremony of re-interring the remains of certain American soldiers found on the battlefield of Lundy's Lane took place at Niagara Falls South. The picture shows buttons and emblems found with the remains, showing they were members of the North United States Infantry. Pieces of cloth and bullets were also found. The knife and spoon displayed had evidently been carried in the haversack of one of the dead men. The battle took place in 1814.

Since "An Englishman's Home," the introduction of politics on the stage was becoming not infrequent. Mr. Parker a few weeks ago produced "Disraeli" in London, which the critic of the Montreal Herald describes as the deliberate effort of a convinced Imperialist to set before the people of England an idealized figure of the founder of Imperialism, and thereby to overcome a certain lingering distaste in many quarters for the word and its associations. The possible influence of the play is enormous. A biography, however brilliantly written, would never reach one-tenth of the numbers who go to see a successful play.

The Calgary Operatic Society gave a very successful production of "The Mikado" last week. Mr. Rupert Murray is said to have won a triumph as Pooch Bah. The other leading roles were in the hands of the following: Yum Yum, Miss Theodora Win-

who, although he could neither read nor write, was elected to the Georgia Legislature, was a power in politics because of his sterling honesty. When he arrived at Atlanta he was invited to a luncheon at a swell hotel by another member of the legislature. Sneads' host nonchalantly passed him the bill of fare. Snead held it before him as if studying it intently. "Well, how does that bill look to you?" asked the host, unaware of his guest's inability to read. "Well, it may be all right," replied Sneads, slapping it down on the table, "but you don't catch me votin' for it till I know more about it!"



Word comes from Kansas City of a new organization with a great mission. Doubtless it will cross the border before long. It is known as "The Parental Surveillance Association of North America." Its object is defined as the protection of the daughters of the members and the provision of suitable husbands in the manner described as follows in its articles:—

"The character of all men who call on daughters of the members shall be secretly investigated, at the request of any parent, and a full report made

the great bulk in its circulation is on its morning editions. The staffs of the Toronto evening papers have made a lot of good natured fun over the evening editions of the two papers mentioned. Probably the best enjoyed joke was that sprung by a newspaper man soon after the Mail and Empire cut off its evening edition. He said: "The Evening Mail has ceased publication. Its subscriber died, and the Evening Globe's subscriber is pretty sick."

First Ditto: "Likely to prevent your getting old, anyway."

First Sportsman: "I wonder you ride a brute like that at your time of life, Jack."

Second Ditto: "Keeps one young, don't you know."

The Lost Leader.

(Browning up to date)

Just for a handful of silver she left us,
Just for a feather to stick in her hat,
Neighbor next door was the one who
beret us:

Offered her two more a week—Oh,
the cat!

They with their gold to give, also no
children;

weep like penitents, Lord, and I hope
You'll forgive 'em if they are; but, O
Lord, I declare they don't smell like
penitents!"

Most of us have heard the story
told by the man who had been over
in London of how at the Savoy he
went to have a wash before luncheon,
but saw a placard on the mirror say-

ing: "Please tip the basin after using."

"This made the man so angry that
he rushed from the wash-room mut-

tering: "No! I'll go dirty first."

Possibly it was the same man who
has been telling that after he got his
lunch he tipped the waiter, the wait-
er's two helpers, the man who gave
him his hat and gloves, and the man
who whistled for a taxi. The
vehicle rolled out into the Strand, and
our friend leaned back with a sigh of
relief, when he was aware of a boy
in buttons running along beside the
window.

"Well, what do you want?" said he,
savagely.

"A few coppers, sir, accordin' to the
usual custom, sir," the boy panted.

"Why, what did you do?"

"If you please, sir," said the boy.

"I saw you get into the cab."

The hair-restorer man seemed puz-
zled. "I don't know whether to ac-
cept this testimonial or not," he
mused.

"What's the matter with it?" de-
manded the advertising manager.

"Well," explained the boss, "the
man writes 'I used to have three bald
spots on the top of my head, but
since using one bottle of your hair
restorer I have only one.'"

A lady once sent to her son a pair
of trousers by book post, which is,
of course, cheaper than parcel post. The
postal officials wrote to her: "Clothes
cannot be sent by book post. If you
will refer to the Postoffice Guide you
will see under what conditions parcels
may be sent by book post." After a
few days the lady replied: "I have
looked in the Postoffice Guide and
find that articles which are open at
both ends may be sent by book post.
And if trousers are not open at both
ends I should like to know what is."

A man on returning from his first
visit to New York in many years was
telling his experiences.

"Of course I duly strained my neck
in front of each high building," he
said. "And I gasped the usual gasps
about the city marching uptown. But
one change was impressed upon me
very forcibly one afternoon, when I
took my kid niece out driving. Being
only 8 years old she wasn't perfectly
sure yet whether she liked her long
lost uncle, and I thought a drive in
the park might ingratiate me, so I
sent for a rubber tire runabout with

The wondering conductor stood with-
in the Pullman aisle;
There was trouble in his visage and
his face had lost its smile,
For a passenger was asking him to
fix him with a berth,
And he pondered o'er the price list
while he figured up its worth.

"All the uppers now are lower," the
conductor softly said,
While with nervous, trembling fingers
through the book of costs he
sped.

"Though this makes the higher lower,
still the lower is no higher."

"How is that? An upper lower?"
queried the prospective buyer.

"This is it," the man conductor then
attempted to explain.

"We have lowered all the uppers that
we have upon the train.

Thus we have the lower higher than
we used to have the upper"—

"Hum!" the passenger then asked him,
"What did you drink with your
supper?"

"Can't you understand?" then an-
swered the conductor, with a
sigh.

"Though the higher ones are lower,
still the lowers are as high.

With lowers lower than they were,
the lowers but seem higher."

"You're off the water wagon," vowed
the man, "or I'm a liar."

But the passenger then left him, and
went to another car.

While the poor conductor mumbled:
"Don't you see, sir, where we
are?"

With the lower higher higher than the
higher lower lower"—

Then he plunged into the diner for a
glass of Joy-bestower.

—Chicago Post.

CLASSIFIED.

Many a man has wanted to know
how he appeared in the eyes of his
fellow men—and been sadly disap-
pointed to find out. Elliu Vedder,
writing in the Atlantic Monthly, tells
a story of such a man.

Wary and hot from his long sum-
mer day's work up-town, he was
wending his way to the South Ferry.
His home was on Staten Island. In
anticipation of the cooling breeze on
the bay, with dripping brow he stop-
ped to refresh himself frequently, but
in vain—for it was a very hot day.

His last stop brought him opposite
a ready-made clothing establishment,
and the idea struck him that his com-
paratively thick coat was responsible
for his discomfort. Acting on this
thought, he stepped across the street
and asked the intelligent attendant
if he had anything in the way of a
coat more suitable to the season than
the one he was wearing—something
he could put on at once and that
would fit.

"Let me see, let me see," said the
man. "I think I have just the thing

THE STORE OF QUALITY

Wholesome Bread

Bread is one of the most impor-
tant factors of life.

"MOTHERS BREAD"

Is produced under thorough
Hygienic and Sanitary methods.
Every part of the work is done
by machinery, in the most mod-
ern bakery in the west.

Visitors always welcome.

Every loaf guaranteed

Hallier & Aldridge

Phone 1327 223 Jasper Av. E.

EVERY NIGHT AT KING EDWARD HOTEL
Turner's Orchestra
For Dances, etc.
785 Fourteenth Street
Phone 2033

CITY FLOUR MILLS

When wanting your
next sack of flour ask
for our "WHITE ROSE"

Fancy Patent Flour

Handled by all grocers and Flour
dealers. Every sack guaranteed

Campbell & Ottowell

All users of

EDDY'S "SILENT" MATCHES

Know they make no Noise or Splat-
ter, and have no Odor; are Quicks,
Safe, and Sure. Made by

THE E. B. EDDY Co. Limited
HULL CANADA

Ask your nearest grocer for them.

THE CONNELLY-McKINLEY CO., LTD.

Funeral Directors and Embalmers

Private Chapel and Ambulance

180 Rice Street

Phone 1825

FIRE INSURANCE

ROBERT MAYS Room 8, Crystal Block
Jasper West
Edmonton
Phone 1268

The People of Edmonton will find in the IMPERIAL BANK of CANADA

Well-equipped Savings Department

Accounts may be opened for small sums or large (\$1 and upwards).
Interest allowed on deposits at current rate from date of deposit.
All the facilities and safety of a strong bank are at the service
of our depositors.

A special room is provided for women.
Married women and minors may make deposits and withdraw the
same without the intervention of any person.
Capital Authorized, \$10,000,000.00 Capital Subscribed, \$2,500,000.00
Paid Up, \$2,575,000.00 Reserves Fund, \$2,575,000.00

Edmonton Office, Cor. McDougall & Jasper

Edmonton West End Branch, 519 Jasper West
Your Savings Account
is solicited
O. E. F. KIRKPATRICK,
Manager

Lovely Spring Flowers

**Daffodils
Hyacinths**

Pots of Hyacinths 25c and 50c

RAMSAY'S

GREENHOUSES

PHONE 1292



SORRY HE ASKED.

Fitznoodle: "Who is that strange-looking man who stares at me
so much?"
She: "Oh, that's Mr. Manceggo, the eminent insanity expert."

a good horse, and off we went. Well,
inside of ten minutes we were back
again, for the child was kicking and
screaming in mortal terror.
"Good heavens, Grace, what's the
matter?" I asked my sister, "Hasn't
Grace ever been driving before?"
"Never behind a horse," said Grace's
mother.

The Lower Higher.

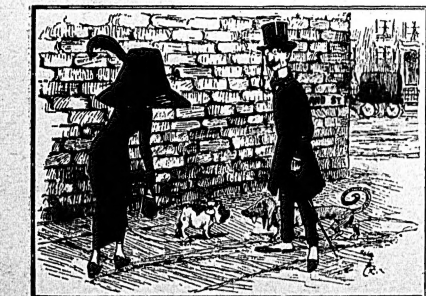
(The reduction in rates for upper
berths in Pullman cars is now ef-
fective).

in alpaca;" and after a careful survey
of our friend's figure, he turned and
cried with a loud voice. "James! Bring
me a Number 5-fat."

The old coat was done up in a neat
package, which the purchaser said he
would carry himself, for, being a sub-
urbanite, he had been feeling strange
going home without his usual parcel.

When relating this incident, he re-
marked to a friend that he had al-
ways wondered what he was like, but
that now his doubts were set at rest.

"I know what I look like and what
I am. I am a Number 5-fat." He
had found his formula.



NOVADAYS
Voice from Beneath Hat: Is that you, Mr. Smithers.

Smithers: Yes, by Jove! Who is it?

The Voice: It's me—Miss de Style. I thought it was you by your
trousers. I've lost my way. Would you mind taking me home or
calling a taxi?

—The Tattler.

to said parent. If the parent then
decides that the tutor is not an eli-
gible one, said tutor shall be warned
by letter to cease his attentions.

"If he fails to heed this warning the
parents shall have the full backing of
this society in ejecting the tutor
from their home if he calls again.
Any tutor found eligible who calls
too often on the daughter of a mem-
ber without proposing to her shall
receive warning by the following let-
ter:

Dear Sir,—We wish to have a
word with you in regard to your
courtship of Mr. ———'s daughter.
Whether or not your intentions to-
ward her are serious we have been
in doubt for some time. You have
monopolized her company long
enough. If you mean business, say
so. If you are not serious, then
cease your visits. Graze on other
pastures. His daughter's welfare
must be protected.

Yours truly,
Parental Surveillance Association
of North America.
Members declare that the effect of
the association's activity on dilatory
tutors has been magical.

Dr. Tanner at the age of 81, an-
nounces that he is going to starve
himself for a lengthy period and then
get married. Just reversing the us-
ual experience!

There are times when the pun,
much abused and poverty-stricken
and aged as it generally is, seems to
justify its appearance. One day when
Mr. Potter was trying to read a ro-
mantic story to his matter-of-fact
wife, he had recourse to a pun to save
his temper.

"And so the evening wore on," read
Mr. Potter, "and—"

"What did it wear?" inquired his
wife in her driest tone.

"My dear," said Mr. Potter, after a
scarcely perceptible pause, "if you
must know, it was the close of an au-
tumn day."—Youth's Companion.

The Mail and Empire, one of Tor-
onto's three morning papers, recently
ceased publishing an evening edition.
The Globe, however, still continues
to publish in the evening, although

Two maids, a butler, and Sunday
might free.

So mistily was sheers, oh, why did they
steal her?

Why did they take my one jewel
from me?

We that had trained her to cook, clean
and iron,

Feed her policeman, two brothers,
a cousin,

Learned all her brogue and subdued
her quick temper,

Made her a servant to choose from
a dozen.

Sweet girls we've tried often, Dutch
cooks and Dagoes;

Watched them break all our cut
glass and depart.

She, alone, built a light dream for an
omete;

She, through her biscuits, alone,
reached our heart.

—Lippincott's.

A typical old-time "circuit-rid-
der" died recently in Alabama—a man
whose godly, unselfish life will long
be remembered. Many were the ec-
centricities of this rugged old man,
and many anecdotes are current a-
mong the Methodist ministers of the
state concerning him. He was noted
for two things—his denunciation of
sin in no uncertain tones, and the fa-
miliarity with which he addressed the
Lord in prayer. On one occasion he
had been preaching in a log meeting-
house in the pine woods of north Ala-
bama. There were several young
fellows on hand who had been cele-
brating by patronizing a still hard
by. After a long, fiery sermon, the
preacher made a call for mourners,
and soon the rude abut was filled
mostly by the afore-mentioned young
fellows. The old man looked them
over for a moment, and with keen in-
tuition felt that it was perhaps a
"lark" on the boys' part, but he knelt
to pray.

"O Lord," he began, "here's a
crowd of young fellows kneeling
round Your altar. They've been cus-
in' and swearin' and drinkin' and
spendin' their time in riotous livin',
but they've come up here seemin'ly
penitent. They look like penitents,
Lord, and I hope they are. They



The Candid Friend

"Last week you declared I looked pretty.
And nothing became me like white!
Today, you observe without pity:
That nothing about me is right—
The dress I was wearing then now
doesn't fit;
My hat doesn't suit me the least lit-
tle bit,
And I'm looking a positive fright!

"On Monday you said my complexion
Was looking quite dazlingly fair;
Today you have found, on reflection,
A wrinkle and—yes, a grey hair!
Such fickle behavior! Unless you
amend,
I shall cease to regard you, hence-
forth, as a friend,
And buy a new mirror, I swear!"
Ada Leonora Harris.

Of course you went to hear Terry.
You'll be too smart not to have seized
on such an opportunity, but did you
go to "Liberty Hall?"
Liberty Hall and the little old book-
seller, Elbert Hall and Crafer, and
parties that "burst up" owing to little
differences of opinion among the
guests; Liberty Hall with his hoping
Mr. Hickson and Agnes, his sister.
What a night we spent under its roof.
You, and you, and you I saw, crying
alternately tears of pity, and then
mopping your eyes for mirth over the
drolleries of a household, that believe
me, is only a slightly exaggerated
picture of your and my own.

We may not, to be sure, be quite
so outspoken in accusing each other
of revoking—the habits of the "all
seem to have been delightfully per-
fannish in airing their difficulties—
but a peep at many a "swagger" party
would catch a glimpse of many
faces that looked a "revoker" would
disclose many a host and hostess,
who, like blessed William Goodman,
"hoped the best for his party but had
his doubts," and who out in the kit-
chen, would show as a presiding gen-
ius, a Crafer, a joy on the stage, and
a heart-break, provided you have no
sense of humor, in actual life.

There was something small I say,
delightfully reminiscent about that
burned haddock. The boiler that
sprang leaks on a moment's notice,
the need of coals the smoking chimney,
the gentle sacking of the dust under
the sofa—each and all had a
familiar smack of home.

Crafer going on strike, and serving
notice every other day, was also well
known ground. Oh, la, la, la! Is
there anything new under the sun at
all, at all?

Two days ago an applicant for
the position of "Crafer" in this Lib-
erty Hall, with a wild sweep of her
arms, assured me that she didn't think
we'd do for each other, because she
could see that I was "cursed with
brains." She had known a woman
once—certainly enough I knew the
lady myself, and the analogy was
particularly gratifying—who had "burned
herself out," literally because she was
after my fashion.

More she told me, about seeing at
a glance that I was one of "those
ladies" that dressed themselves up,
and gave parties and went to dinners and
the like of that. No, she saw, dis-
cerning soul that she was, that I
would have too many ideas to suit
her.

Had we seen the scene as it actu-
ally happened, behind the footlights,
you and I would have shared with
joy. Children mine! it is the lights
that do it, and it all depends which
side of them you're on, whether you
see the fun or no.

A "Crafer" can curse or bless a
household. Her frown or smile can
lighten or darken the tedium of every-
day living.
It is of her, the immortal, the per-
sonal subject of discussion, the skele-
ton in many a household closet, that
I wish to write you this week. And
not so much write you myself, as
share with you what a very discriminating
Englishwoman, Mrs. Havelock
Ellis, has written on "the difficulty."

Here is what she has to say in part,
as applicable in Canada as in the
Old Land.

"School-board education and democ-
ratic ideals have put the domestic
service of the past as much out of
date as crinolines.

"The old-fashioned worker, proud
of her drudgery in the home, and the

removes it, by so doing, from an un-
skilled, haphazard occupation to a
high calling, our troubles will mini-
mize in the region of domesticity.

The law can help to change all this.
It could frame certain laws which
practically challenge the servant to
competency and the mistress to fair
dealing. If our legislature took up
the question of domestic service it
could be as easily managed as the dis-
tribution of our letters by the Post
Office. A central domestic service
bureau is what is needed, with branch-
es in every town and village in Eng-
land, in order to provide trained help-
ers at any hour, and at varying prices
for all the homes in England where
hired help is a necessity. The one
condition the hired would demand
would be regulated hours and fixed
pay. The one thing the hirer would
demand would be unquestionable ef-
ficiency in the work paid for. In this
way an immense nerve strain would
be saved all round. The domestic
bureau would do our nuzzing for us,
and also be our middleman as regards
orders and payment for the working

Owen did not only a capital bit of
acting, but voiced a great universal
truth, when they discussed the book
with the turned-down corner leaf, and
Owen said, "So do many turn down
a page in the book of life. Turn it
down as something significant, some-
thing to be marked and remembered,
next comes along someone else who
pushes it back into place."

"Yes," said the shop-boy, "but the
crease remains." How true,
how true! But fancy Robert having
discovered such wisdom at fourteen
years of age!

The Edmonton Women's Press
Club had a delightful hour with Mr.
Terry over the luncheon table at the
King Edward Hotel on Tuesday. The
affair was gotten up on very short
notice, and included only the guest
of honor, His Honor Lieutenant-
Governor Dulyes, and the editors of
the local papers.

Two short, oh too, too short,
hours we sat and lashed in the sun-
shine of his presence. I have said
the foot-lights, or the side of them
you sit on, make a heap of difference.
Not with Terry though. For did not
the Toy-Maker, William Tadmam, the
Magistrate, and Dick Phenyl, a com-
posite whole, eat our planked steak
with us, tell stories to us over the
sliced tomatoes, and discourse some
of the wisdom gained from a life
in which indeed he has "played many
parts."

That he doesn't believe in Home
Rule for Ireland, doesn't signify any-
thing. The Irish themselves he loves.
Some of his experiences on the "old
sod" would make a book in them-
selves.

Perhaps you'd like to be hearing of
the time the veteran actor offered a
leviathan for a swimming compe-
tition for his company.

It was to be competed for at every
step they made on their tour, and in
one town news of its occurrence was
noised abroad, and two Yorkshiresmen,
I think they were, discussed it thus:

"Did you know about the silver
cup this actor fellow's offering?"

"What'll be for, now?"

"Oh," remarked the other, "it's to
encourage actor folk to keep clean."
Terry loves his art. During the
morning I had him for an hour or so
to myself and he chatted unrestrained-
ly of his life at home and that other
life he slips on at will, when he steps
into his stage trappings.

Perhaps living with the characters
in his plays so long and so intimate-
ly has affected his viewpoint, but I
found him peculiarly sensitive to any-
thing of a harsh or unlovely nature.

He was talking of a little play en-
titled "The Lazy Man." "I couldn't play
a play with such a name," he confided,
"I had to re-christen it. It turns, you
see, on a little incident in which a
flower, the pansy, figures prominently.
I remembered some lines in Shake-
spears in which the Master referred
to them as 'Love in Idleness.' It was
what I wanted, and the ceremony of

The philosophy of the Toy-maker of
Nuremberg embodies his own ideas
of the worth-while things of exist-
ence. Not money, but love. Indeed,
he is the most inconsequential fellow
you can imagine.

One goes to a theatre, he says, to
be carried out of oneself. It is well
to laugh and weep with, and for, oth-
ers.

Well we have laughed and wept
with him during the first three days
of this week. Surely the experience
will leave its crease in making us
perhaps a little less grasping, a bit
kindlier, and with a firmer faith that
all things end well, for him who hopes
on, and does what he believes to be
right in the meantime.

I have frequently had my attention
called to the unsanitary method of
handling bread in its delivery from
the wagons, in Edmonton.

A driver with great dirty mitts or
gloves, with which he handles bread,
door knobs, and his horses, promi-
scuous-like, grabs the loaves and
shoves them into a basket, hands
them out again, and so one has a way
to say about it.

I heard a doctor referring to the
subject this week, while a man who
keeps his eyes open rang me up a
month ago, and called my attention
to the practice.

If the Medical Council would do
something in the way of pointing out
the dangers of careless handling, per-
haps our dear City Council, now en-
gaged in a life-and-death struggle a-
mong themselves, would turn their
attention to this, and other practical
matters, and cease being so in-
ferentially quarrelsome, and learn to ac-
complish something good.

A paper package for a loaf entails
little expense, and may be the means
of saving much hardship and suffer-
ing. If I were a baker I should make
a bid for my "staff of life" on that
point alone. He'd soon have the big
custom of the town.

Might I suggest to the local a-
spirants for fame behind the foot-
lights, a dramatization of, say, the
events of the past week in municipal
circles in Edmonton.

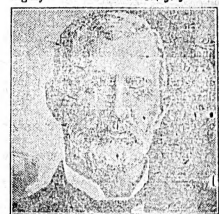
In the Earl Grey competition, a
special mark is given for work of an
original character. There can be only
one objection to the suggestion, there
would be no parts for women in the
piece. Behind the scenes, however,
I'll lay you a wager the ladies have
had a big hand in the municipal pie,
and I heard one woman remark that
the men might make as caustic re-
marks as they pleased about the dan-
gers of allowing women the suffrage,
and the privilege of sitting at the
Council Board, they couldn't possibly
have made a worse exhibition of them-
selves, nor out-McNinness some of the
arbitrary gentlemen who are acting
the play "The Men Who Would Be
Czars."

Countess Grey has written the
Mistress of Government House, Mrs.
Dulyes, and asked her co-operation

FOR 25 YEARS
HE SUFFERED

Well Known Merchant Of Sarnia Cured by
"Fruit-a-lives"

SARNIA, ONT., Feb. 25th, 1910.
"I have been a sufferer for the past
25 years with Constipation, Indigestion
and Catarrh of the Stomach. I tried
many remedies and many doctors but
derived no benefit whatever.
Finally I read an advertisement of
"Fruit-a-lives," I decided to give
"Fruit-a-lives" a trial and found they
did exactly what was claimed for them.
I have now taken "Fruit-a-lives" for
some months and find that they are the
only remedy that does me good.
I have recommended "Fruit-a-lives"
to a great many of my friends and I
can praise these "Fruit-a-lives" too
highly!" PAUL J. JONES



Thousands now use "Fruit-a-lives."
Thousands more will try "Fruit-a-lives"
after reading the above letter. It proves,
beyond the shadow of a doubt, that at
last there is a cure for Constipation and
Stomach Troubles.

"Fruit-a-lives" is Nature's cure for
these diseases, being made of fruit juices
and valuable tonics.
50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, retail size, 35c.
At druggists, or sent on request. Price by
Fruit-a-lives Limited, Ottawa.

What Queen Mary will do with it
remains to be seen, but this one does
know, the gift will be applied to some
worthy cause, and the idea is a very
pretty one indeed.

Donations are limited from 5 cents
to \$500. Mrs. Bulyes will meet the
Executive of the Local Council of
Women on Thursday at 3 o'clock, and
determine what steps they will take
to co-operate in the movement in
Alberta.

Jones is never happy unless he is
in the doctor's hands. He has only
to read the booklets given away by
the patent medicine companies, and
he comes to the conclusion he has all
sorts of diseases.

The other day he met Brown.
"Hello," shouted Brown, "what's
the matter now?"

"Oh!" groaned Jones. My doctor
says I've too much iron in my blood."
"Do you eat pork?" asked Brown.
"Yes," replied Jones, "I love pork."
"I thought so," was the quick reply.
"It's pig iron."

WHAT EVERY WOMAN
SHOULD KNOW

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS THE
SURE CURE FOR ALL
ACHES AND PAINS.

Mrs. Vaillancourt adds her experience
to the great mass of proof that
Dodd's Kidney Pills are woman's
best friend.

Edmonton, Alberta, February 27—
(Special).—That the women of the
Dodd's Kidney Pills are woman's
Pills a sure relief from those aches
and pains that only women know is
becoming more evident every day, and
Mrs. Agnes Vaillancourt of this place
gladly gives her experience as an ad-
dition to the mass of proof that is be-
ing piled up.

"For three years I suffered intense-
ly with Kidney Disease," Mrs. Vail-
lancourt states. "I had pain every-
where. I only used six boxes of
Dodd's Kidney Pills and I am com-
pletely cured of all my aches and
pains. What every woman should
know is that there is a sure relief and
perfect health for her if she uses
Dodd's Kidney Pills.



THE CZAR RE VIEWS BOY SCOUTS.

The Boy Scout movement has recently been
organized in Russia under the personal super-
vision of Sr Robert Baden-Powell. The Czar is
greatly interested and is here seen reviewing a
band at St. Petersburg in company with his son.

old-fashioned wife, absorbed in domestic
organization and the comfort of
her husband and children, are now
becoming rare. The servant of the
past was, in her way, an artist and
delighted in the routine of her work,
which resulted in keeping a home
clean and beautiful. Housework was
to her her color and brushstrokes
to the painter—a medium for an ex-
pression of loveliness. Her successor
has only the worst faults of the artisan
and none of the virtues of the artist.
The pitiable mixture of vulgar gen-
tleness and hopeless incapacity of the
ordinary "general" is conclusive proof
of our dilemma in this matter. The
cynicism, suspicion and insufferable
self-sufficiency of the trained servant
are equally insupportable. Both spend
much time and energy in guarding
their rights and evading their duties.
What survives of the old world mis-
tress who held sway over the old-
fashioned servant is a club devotee,
a stern individualist, a natter, or a
frankly dissatisfied woman who longs
for a home and for the love which
transcends it.

The domestic servant problem is
growing serious for the simple reason
that it monopolizes half the energy
of the women who employ servants,
and three quarters of the time of those
who do not. No tentative body has
seriously tackled the subject because it
seems insoluble either from the idealistic or the realistic
standpoint. Law, however, is always
a good stepping-stone to an ideal, and
it is wise to use this stepping-stone
as a guide to follow individual

and Utopian experiments. The good
citizen will always live above law and
the bad one will invariably live below
it, but there is a certainty that the
mediocre citizen will literally obey it.
The moment the legislature interferes
in this matter of domestic service and

out of the same. The worker's certifi-
cate would justify any household
telephone to her special bureau if a
sink was clogged through the care-
lessness of a certified worker, or a
fire ruined through an incompetent
cook, or a dozen filthy rags found in
various corners of the house belong-
ing to a trained housemaid. Schools
for household training would be as
important as the ordinary Board
schools, and certificates of efficiency
only given to the really enabled. Limited
hours would be the result of work
well done and by agreement. Relays
of helpers, whether sleeping in or out
of the places where they worked,
would minimize overstrain and allow
for legitimate leisure. If these mat-
ters came under legislation domestic
service would be delivered from this
lethargic, devil-may-care, disastrous,
and nerve-wearing thing it is today
and made into an honorable profes-
sion like teaching, doctoring, dress-
making, or preaching. A servant's
uniform would then be as honorable
as that of a soldier or a nurse. Do-
mestic service, as it stands today,
not only spells slavery to antiquated
habits of living and modes of thought,
but is an evidence of the lack of courage
to take the next step in social
experiment."

There it is. Nothing I could say
could add one iota to so adequate a
summing-up of the situation.
Judging by the number of want ads.
I see in the local papers, something
will have to be done, and that soon,
to remedy the difficulty. Who will re-
spond to it?

There were many significant lines
in the play of Tuesday night, and to
many unaffected hearty laughter is
showed that the situations struck
home to the hearts of a vast number
in the audience.

"Robert Blinks," shop-boy, and Mr.



THE DE LESSEPS-MACKENZIE WEDDING.

The above is a picture of the bridal party at St. James Church,
Spanish Lane, London. From left to right the names are: Miss Mac-
Kenzie, bridesmaid; Count de Lesseps, Countess de Lesseps, Master
Gerald Griffin, page, and Miss Meagher, bridesmaid.

re-christening took place at once. To
this day they call it so, "Love in Idleness."

Terry is infatuated with our opti-
mism. The numbers 2009, on a street
where there are only three houses
widens his outlook on life. "A little
less conservatism," he suggests,
"just a little less"—this definitely—
"might perhaps be better. I would
like to see your people smile more."

in the scheme of raising the funds for
a "Mary" coronation gift to the
Queen of England.

As everyone knows Her Majesty's
name is Mary, or more familiarly,
May, and one of the very exalted
Duchesses in England conceived the
idea of all the Marys in the kingdom
uniting in presenting Her Majesty
with a sum of money at her corona-
tion, to be used as she sees fit.

THE MEANING of the CITY-PLAN-ING MOVEMENT

The second of a series of papers by Mr. C. Lionel Gibbs—Effect on Social conditions—The significant statement of Hon. John Burns—"I would sooner 'save Mr. Gibbs' than the ever-moment of the road than boulevard the road of the rich, because it is a better business proposition"

The Passing of the Slum.

To us in our new cities with our absence of pauperism, the discussion of the slum seems somewhat academic, if not unnecessary. We flatter ourselves that the conditions under which slums develop can never obtain here, and it is undoubtedly true that our Canadian democracy is so enlightened and conscious of its powers that the worst features of slumdom will never be tolerated by them. The influx of an alien population, the progressive congestion in certain districts due to inflated land values, and the exaggerated fear of doing anything to alarm and discourage the monied interests, are elements of danger, however, not to be ignored. The experience of American cities which while having no mediæval legacy of slum districts such as exist in the great European cities, have nevertheless permitted unsanitary and congested areas to arise with all their concomitant misery of spoiled lives and spoiled homes, should warn us against over-confidence.

Mr. Burns' Warning.

The Right Hon. John Burns, in his inaugural address before the Town Planning conference in London, makes an eloquent appeal to the British rate-payers in terms which are worth quoting.

"To the rate-payers I have this to say: There is greater reason than architectural symmetry, artistic appearance, or engineering precision, good though these be in themselves, for town-planning schemes and good housing. Why do I say that? Fifty per cent of our total pauperism, more than sixty per cent, of its total cost, much of our lunacy, a great deal of our crime, debility and dependence are due to sickness. We cannot avoid disease unless we let in the sun and air into our houses and our streets. So long as casual labor broods in squalid lairs, in stifling streets, and ugly dwellings are its only habitation, we shall continue to turn out nervous mannikins instead of enduring men. Motherhood, childhood, youth, society, and the race demand demolition of the soul-destroying slum."

It is noteworthy that organized civic planning is contemporary with the awakening of modern democracy to its powers and the entry of its representatives into political and civic life. The rich man is to some extent independent of the evils of haphazard

city development. He is able to assure himself and his children the breathing spot of a spacious garden, the beauty of rose bush and flower beds, the shade of well tended trees, and the advantages of a sanitary and luxurious dwelling. Up to recent years the hewer of wood and drawer of water has been an unconsidered cipher in the scheme of life, less cherished than the cogs and cranks of the factory machine, worse housed than the horses and cattle necessary to the rich man's needs. Unlike the successful General whose first thought must be for the physical well being of his soldiers, the captains of industry have counted upon the cheapness of life to perpetuate the cheapness of labor, and have erected one glittering half of the social fabric upon the serried misery and degradation of the other. We do not want cheap labor in this Canada of ours, but we do want physically and morally efficient laborers. The fate of the nation, it may be its very existence, will perhaps one day depend upon the virility and vigor of its people, and we must ensure now by wise and far-seeing legislation the upbuilding of such a population.

Overcrowding Increases

Those responsible for the government of our cities have a very great responsibility. The first evil to be combated is congestion and overcrowding. According to statistics collected by the Immigration Committee of the Congestion Commission, overcrowding in the densely populated sections of Manhattan has increased during the last five years rather than diminished as many thought.

A careful house to house canvass extending over 122 blocks of that section established the fact that these blocks contained a total population of 312,042.

The houses within that crowded territory are antiquated tenements, unsanitary, and with small rooms. It was found that in many cases single rooms were occupied by two to five persons in direct violation of the ordinances which provide that there shall not be less than 400 cubic feet of air space minor under twelve years of age. Is there not an omission here?

In his paper before the Town Planning conference in London, Raymond Unwin says:

"If towns of great size are to be wholesome dwelling places, it seems necessary to adopt one of two courses. Either we must give to every house

a considerable extent of ground, which means spreading the town over an excessively large area, increasing unduly the distances which have to be travelled and creating the maximum difficulty in supplying and maintaining all the various services and conveniences of communal life, or we must develop on the principle of grouping our buildings together, in certain parts, leaving adequate open spaces around each group. This seems to me both the right and natural course. It is rendered easy by modern means of transit. It renders easier and less costly the distribution of water, light, heat, telephone, and other conveniences, and at the same time fosters a much more interesting and varied character of development. City life is essentially co-operative in character, and I do not think that the ideal of city life will be the setting of every individual house within its own quarter-acre plot of garden, but rather the placing of groups of houses within their own hundred acres of park."

Ned of a General Scheme.

The duty that devolves upon the Planning Commission and their expert in this connection is the forming of regulations to govern the area of site to be left unbuild upon, according to character and locality of property, the restriction as to height of buildings, the floor and air space per head in tenements, all governed by some general idea as to the number of people to be permitted per acre or per block according to location. All the above matters are fraught with difficulties, and their solution is certain to arouse the monied interests. It would seem to me that regulations should be based upon the zone principle so as to avoid undue hardships in some districts and undue latitude in others. In the building regulations of Frankfurt, Germany, the following classification is observed: The Inner City.

The Outer City. (a) Inner Zone.

1. Residence Section.
2. Mixed Sections.
3. Factory Section.

(b) Outer Zone.

1. Residence Section.

In the inner city section in Frankfurt, buildings may cover from 1-2 to 5-6 of the lot and have a maximum height of 65 feet, usually they may not exceed the width of the street upon which they front by more than six and a half feet.

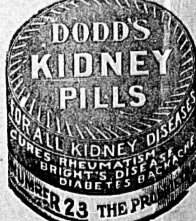
In the building regulations of Zurich, Switzerland, very strict rules are made with respect to the distance between buildings and area of lot to be covered, closed or grouped, building being only allowed in certain sections of the city, while the height of buildings is strictly proportioned to the width of the streets.

In American cities there is often no effective regulation at all; where the height of buildings is proportioned to the width of the street, this varies from 1 to 2½ times the width.

But even after the present problems are solved the Civic Commission have a duty toward the laborer and his district. They must make his environment more cheerful by careful attention to detail, and perhaps some little civic extravagance. They must provide playgrounds for the children and seats for those waiting for the factory doors to open. They must remember that as they reclaim or ward off a slum there will be a corresponding decrease in the number of inmates of hospitals and jails, and a consequent gain to the city treasury.

A slatternly street engenders a crabbed and bitter spirit and boasts nothing but the brewery and the bar. I would sooner beautify the environment of the poor than boulevard the roads of the rich, because it is a better business proposition. The strength of a chain is in its weakest link, of a cord in its thinnest strand. You must raise the people as you value civic pride and civic achievement, because industrial success demands that the workman be efficient, vigorous and contented.

In all your work seek for a maximum of result with a minimum of effort and you will work well to old age.



Home and Society

The concluding days of last week, and the early part of this, have been one mad rush to sandwich in engagements. As usual everyone left off entertaining until the very last minute, with the disastrous result that now that all the fun is over, pro tem, at least, every one is all in.

I like it "rushy," but not too much of a muchness, and I must say that one day early in the week, I had serious thoughts of calling an ambulance, and driving off to take the rest cure. For the wicked, though, there is no peace—and here I am to tell the tale.

Thursday Mrs. J. D. Harrison gave a very smart Bridge, a delightful home, a charming hostess and any number of well-known and handsomely-frocked women, all adding their individual contribution of enjoyment to the occasion.

One never enters this restful, beautifully-arranged home without paying further tribute to its artistic mistress. On Thursday there were quantities of cut flowers to enhance its beauty, and the hour or two over the card tables slipped by only too soon.

Mrs. Harrison received in a very pretty gown of some soft shade of green foulard silk, with touches of velvet, and the guests included: Mrs. Barnes, Mrs. Clark Dennis, Mrs. Hishop, Mrs. Frith, Mrs. Barford, Mrs. Dawson, Mrs. Nightingale, Mrs. O'Leary, of Saint Albert, who came with Mrs. James Smith, Madame Thibaudau, Mrs. de Wolf Macdonald, Mrs. Jennings, Mrs. Hubbard, Mrs. Dickens, Mrs. Scoble, Mrs. Anderson, Mrs. Richards, and Mrs. Frank Somerville.

Mrs. Dawson carried off the first prize in a handsome Crown-Derby plate, and Mrs. Jas. Smith the second, a dainty framed picture. Mrs. Dawson and Mrs. Balmer Wait later presided at the tea-table, a spring poem in exquisite tulips and greenery, a few specially honored guests dropping in to join the Bridgers over the tea-cups.

The same afternoon Mrs. O'Neil Hayes also entertained at the perennially popular game, three tables competing for the prizes, one very generously being awarded to each table.

By a happy chance, a visitor, Miss Sparks, of Ottawa, captured the first, Mrs. Henwood the second, and another and very popular visitor, Mrs. Metcalfe, the third.

A beautifully arranged tea-table, presided over by Mrs. Duncan Smith and Mrs. Kinnaird, Mrs. Calderon serving the ices, was a pleasant rendezvous after an exciting game.

Friday found another Bridge in full swing. Mrs. Farquharson entertaining four tables in her pretty new home, in honor of Mrs. Collins, an attractive young bride, who has been visiting Mrs. Kenneth McKenzie, and Miss Lindner of Calgary, a charming and vivacious guest, who has had a very jolly visit at "Garrykennah," the guest of Mrs. Clark Dennis. Again honors fell to a visitor, Mrs. Collins capturing the first prize, and Miss Edith Webster the second.

Mrs. Farquharson and her sister, Mrs. McAlpine, were both daintily frocked in white linen; gowns, with quantities of filmy lace and insertion, and Mrs. Kenneth McKenzie poured tea at a table exquisitely done with a great basket of golden daffodils and softly shaded yellow candle-lights. A number of the prettiest girls of the younger set assisted, and some of the girls remember being present once: Mrs. Clark Dennis, Mrs. Duncan Smith, Mrs. Frith, Mrs. Dickens, Mrs. Lorne York, and the Misses Webster. A number later dropped in to tea.

Saturday Mrs. W. D. Ferris entertained at probably the largest and smartest Bridge given in Edmonton this season. I forget where I counted eight or nine tables, but the drawing room at the King Edward was crowded, and looking around just prior to the starting of the game, I remember thinking that few of the Bridge-playing, fashionable set were absent.

Mrs. Ferris was looking charming, wearing a clinging frock of palest blue silk crepe de chine, with touches of gold embroidery. With this was worn a large black picture hat, and some lovely pearl jewels. Mrs. Wilkins of Fort Saskatchewan assisted her in doing the honors, and looked very sweet and attractive in tan-shaded silk, with a stunning mink cloak.

On account of the very large number who later dropped in to tea, play was not kept up quite as late as usual. It resulted in Mrs. Little of Canmore

carrying off the first prize, an exquisite card case of hand embroidered Swiss linen. Mrs. Donald Macdonald the second, a dainty cup and saucer, and Miss Edith Webster, the third, a Bridge score-book.

At 5 the rooms were filled to overflowing, tea being served by the hotel waiters, from a table aglow with golden daffodils, set in the private parlor off the larger drawing-room. Dr. Ferris came in, just in time to say "Good to see you, and au revoir." I noticed among the guests Mrs. Ruthenford of St. John, took 12 stronger, and bet . . . I have seen her in months.

I see . . . a sensible idea entertaining on so large a scale in these pleasant surroundings, rather than overcrowding a small house, that I wonder more hostesses don't avail themselves of the opportunity.

Following is the programme for the Ladies' Musical Club recital this Saturday, time 3.30, in the Separate School Theatre:

Piano Duet—"In the Morning" and "Asa's Death" (from Peer Gynt suite I) . . . Misses Martin and McIsaac . . . Song—(a) "The Rose" . . . (b) "My Love is like the River" . . . Noel Johnson

Mr. Marriott. Bass Viol—Concerto in C major Op. 4 . . . Mr. Morley.

Song—"Mon coeur s'ouvre a ta voix" (from Samson and Delilah) . . . Saint-Saens

Mrs. Dovers. Piano Solo—(a) Serenade Ole Olsen (b) Scotch Poem McDowell . . . Miss Armour

Song— . . . Gounod. Flute Solo—Selected . . . Mr. Strachan.

Song—"Die Lorelei" . . . Miss Pinckston. Vocal Duet—"When the Wind Blows in from the Sea" . . . Henry Smart

Miss Davies and Mr. Eaton. Mrs. Dawson is leaving early in April to spend the summer in the east.

Mrs. C. W. Cross and her little daughter Helen, accompanied Mr. Cross east a fortnight ago, and are not yet returned.

Miss Lindner of Calgary, returned home on Thursday afternoon's train. While here she made a host of friends by her happy, vivacious, and unaffected manner. For a few days she was Mrs. J. K. Cornwall's guest, but spent the main part of her stay at the Premier's.

I may whisper you a secret. On April 21 or thereabouts, the lieutenant-Governor and Premier Sifton are giving a large ball in Calgary in aid of the South African Heroes fund. This will bring it in Horse Show week, so that besides the prestige of its promoters, there should be a record smart attendance from all parts of the province. I believe it will be an invitation affair, and can prognosticate, that cards for this fashionable happening will be very eagerly looked for.

Mrs. Hubbard of Minneapolis, who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Richards, returned home on Saturday morning, just staying over for the last Assembly.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Murphy returned from a visit to Winnipeg on Monday.

The Amateur Dramatic Club have definitely decided on a play to take to the Earl Grey competition in Winnipeg in April. It is "The Tyranny of Tears," rehearsals to commence this Friday.

On Monday evening Mrs. Dawson had two tables of Bridge in Mrs. Rogers' honor. Mrs. Turnbull, Mrs. Zwilling, Mrs. Bower Campbell, Mrs. Ferris, Mrs. James Smith and Mrs. Palmer Watt being the invited guests, while the husbands of the party came in later to share a delicious supper. Mrs. Ferris carried off the prize, a lovely primrose plant, and after supper Mrs. Rogers played some of the latest music in her own infectiously happy manner.

Monday to every class of citizen must have been a very busy day. In the evening there was a Spadina dance, a hockey match, a municipal meeting, Terry on at the Empire in

"Sweet Lavender," a Bridge, a meeting of the Skating Club, and I don't know what else. I know I did a committee meeting and a . . . in the afternoon, and a Bridge at night, and wished I could have been at half a dozen other places as well. Sometimes humanity has its limitations, and the fact is never more striking than when it decries that a person can only be in one place at any one time.

Mrs. Second's tea at her spacious and handsome residence on Victoria avenue was the afternoon's smart event of Monday. It was not a large tea, or perhaps the roominess of the surroundings made it seem only pleasantly filled, but I know one had room to roam around it will, admiring the fine pictures and marbles that are one of the big attractions of this home.

Someone was playing softly in the large drawing-room as I entered, but later I recognized Miss Nellie Haight's firm and exquisite touch, playing some very beautiful things—some I neither knew nor cared about, so that they were rendered as they were.

Mrs. Second received at the entrance to this attractive room, her gown of rich old-rose silk crepe de chine, with jewelled garniture and gold yoke and sleeves, setting off her slender figure to perfection. Assisting her was Mrs. Haight, also in an old-rose gown, varying on an austere shade, with handsome sequined garnitures. Miss Haight was in an opalescent frock, a busy assistant in the tea-room, while the young daughters of the house, fast growing into tall young womanhood, were all frocked in dainty white. Master Richard and Second Jr. opened the door, and had a boyish smile of welcome for his mother's guests, most of whom are warm friends of his own account. Tea was served in the cheery dining-room, Mrs. Richard Hardisty and Mrs. Wilson presiding at a table with an exquisite hand-made lace cloth, and crowned with a mass of daffodils from which radiated long golden satin ribbon streamers.

Early next month Mrs. Second and her four eldest daughters leave to attend the Coronation, later travelling on the continent.

As I think of it, Mrs. John McDougall and Mrs. Inglis will also be Coronation visitors, the latter and her mother going east shortly to meet Mr. McDougall on his return from the West, it being their intention to spend some time in the east before departing for England.

I see Mrs. Chilcott "here from the coast, looking very bright and happy. I saw her at most of Terry's production in the west.

There will be a meeting of the Committee of the Handicrafts Guild in the Saints' School, room, at 2.30 o'clock on Saturday afternoon.

Quite right, there are several engagements only waiting to be announced. One, that of a charming girl visitor to a very popular boy, one—but I can't—and one, that of a middle-aged bachelor to a most attractive—but why tell? "No, my dear, I really can't tell even you, so don't ask me."

Mrs. Donald Macdonald is expecting Miss Therese Holland of Colorado some time next week for a visit, on her return home from the coast.

I see Mr. and Mrs. Swainland are home from their southern trip, and occupied a box with Mrs. Metcalfe at "The Magistrate" on Wednesday night.

I am sorry that a prior engagement kept me from seeing the Dickens' Dialogues on Tuesday night. From all accounts they were much too good not to have had a larger audience, but Terry comes but once in a lifetime—so what can one do but go.

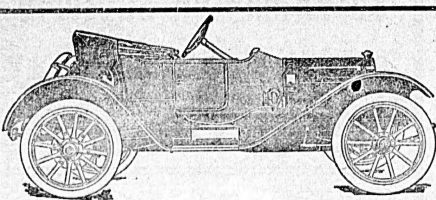
Miss Colbitt's marriage to Mr. Carpenter takes place I hear, sometime next month, and will no doubt be one of the smart events of April.

The huge tea given by Mrs. Percy Barnes on Tuesday, brought together over a hundred of the most fashionable folk at the Capital.

Such an array of modishly frocked women is not often seen at a private house, and only because the guests kept coming and going, would it have been possible to accommodate them at all.

Mrs. Barnes received her guests in a handsome gown of black silk coccine, heavily braided, and Miss Phyllis Barnes, looking as sweet and sunny as a slender young daffodil, assisted her, wearing a frock of yellow silk.

(Continued on page eight)



Chalmers "30" Torpedo Runabout

Special designed for those desiring a racy looking, speedy, comfortable two-passenger car.

Same motor as "30" Touring car. Body low hung; clearance 10 inches; tires 34 x 3 1/4 wheel base, 104 inches.

The first car of this type was used by the Detroit Police Department in capturing speed maniacs. In a month it got 112 offenders.

Price, with Bench magnets, gas lamps, two extra tire irons, Prest-a-lite tank, and Chalmers top with side curtains and storm front, \$2,025.00.

EDMONTON GARAGE

124 Rice Street

11 BELL ST. CO., Proprietors

HOW to REGAIN HEALTH

WILSON'S INVALIDS' PORT

(A la Quina du Perou)

has been strongly recommended by leading physicians in cases of Nervous Breakdown, Mental Exhaustion, Depression of Spirits, General Weakness, Waste of Vitality, etc.

ASK YOUR DOCTOR



The Saturday News

An Albertan Weekly Review

Published by

SATURDAY NEWS, LIMITED.

Subscription Rates:

Edmonton - - - \$2.00 per year.

Outside points in Canada, \$1.50 per year.

Foreign - - - \$2.00 per year.

LEGAL

Short, Cross, Biggar & Cowan,
Solicitors, Notaries, etc.
Wm. Short, K.C. Hon. C.W. Cross,
O.M. Biggar, Hector Cowan
Offices, Merchants Bank Bldg.
MONEY TO LOAN

Emery, Newell, Ford, Bolton and Mount.

Barriers, Solicitors, Etc.
C. Emery, Frank Ford, K.C.,
C. F. Newell, S. E. Bolton,
C. B. F. Mount.

Offices: Canada Permanent Building,
McDougall Avenue.

LAVELL & ALLISON

Barriers, Etc.
John R. Lavell W. B. Allison
Bank of Commerce Chambers
Sensitons, - - - Alberta.

ROBERTSON, DICKSON & MACDONALD

Barriers and Solicitors
H. H. Robertson S. A. Dickson
J. M. Macdonald
Edmonton and Fort Saskatchewan
Office: 135 Jasper Avenue E.
MONEY TO LOAN

ACCOUNTANTS

NASH & SOARS
Accountants Auditors
Assignees Liquidators
Rooms 203-4-5 Windsor Block
PHONE 2413

RED DEER - ALBERTA

MOORE AND DURIE
Barriers and Solicitors
J. Carlyle Moore, B.A., J.D.
Corbett L. Durie, B.A.,
Crown Prosecutor
Particular attention to collections
and agency work

ARCHITECTS

BARNES & GIBBS
Registered Architects
B. Percy Barnes, F.A.I.C., A.A.A.
C. Lionel Gibbs, M.S.A. A.A.
Imperial Bank Building, Jasper East,
Edmonton.
P.O. Box 939. PHONE 1365.

JAMES HENDERSON, F.R.I.B.A.
A.A.A.
Architect

Office: Block 42 Jasper Ave. West,
Edmonton

WILSON & HERRALD,
Architect and Structural Engineer
Respectively

Edmonton: Room 16 Credit Foncier
Phone 4213.
Strathcona: Room 7 and 8, Basil
Block. Phone 3146.

MUSIC

Miss Beatrice Crawford
TEACHER OF PIANO.
Accompanist
Studio: ALBERTA COLLEGE

Plumbing Repairs

Phone 4136
JAMES MURPHY
Plumber and Sanitary Engineer
1041 Jasper East.

The Jasper House
Jasper Avenue East, Edmonton

\$1.50 per day

L.A. GOODRIDGE, Proprietor

On Board an Immigrant Ship

A picture of a trip to Canada over half a century ago given by a contributor to the Toronto Weekly Sun—An encounter with pirates—What a change in fifty years.

J. J. E. Orr's reminiscences of pioneer days, as published in The Sun, make very interesting reading. We all enjoy a backward look into the past. Their joys, their trials, their sorrows, have all a profound interest for us. They endear to us their memory and inspire us to strive to emulate their achievements.

I wish to give a pen picture of a voyage on an emigrant ship 55 years ago when steam navigation was in its infancy, and when the free and fickle wind waited our forefathers on these shores. I write from personal experience and though only eight years of age at the time I have a very clear recollection of all the events of that eventful voyage.

Our family consisted of the parents and four children. I being the eldest. We were also accompanied by an uncle and cousin some years my senior, a genuine dare-devil who was continually getting me into mischief.

I wish to mention here the struggle required by poor people to save sufficient funds to emigrate. It took my parents ten years of constant labor and the most rigid economy to save £20 (\$720). Think of that, and compare it with the opportunities of the present. Think of it and compare it with the extravagance and waste of these days. Can we wonder that our fathers view with such dis-

cabin was indescribably bad. What the steerage was like I leave the reader to imagine. Ninety per cent. of the passengers were low caste people and filthy in the extreme, and very soon the ship from stem to stern was swarming with vermin.

Limited Provisions.

A limited amount of provisions, consisting of meat, potatoes, flour and meal, was messed out twice per week by the ship's company in proportion to the number in each family, but this did not nearly suffice their needs. All the food was cooked by the passengers themselves in the so-called galley, presided over by an Englishman who was a past master in the art of profane language and in drinking whiskey. This galley was crowded from early morn until late in the night with a swarming crowd, struggling to get their cooking done. This consisted chiefly of oatmeal porridge, named by the cook "skilly," and potatoes which were boiled in a net in a large caldron of sea water. A few did the cooking for the many, the great majority of whom never appeared on deck. How these people existed in that inferno is beyond explaining. Our ship took the southern course and assisted by a favorable wind we fairly flew under a full spread of canvas. A run of several days of such weather carried us far

spared us, when they might have given us a broadside and left us to our fate.

When about half way on our journey we were becalmed for three or four days. We had taken a southern course to escape ice and fog. The breeze stirred and the sea lay perfectly calm like a Canadian lake on a summer's day, with a blue unclouded sky above, a blue unrolled sea below, shimmering in the sunshine. It was as enjoyable after storm and waves, but this was not what we wanted. To stay thus meant starvation and death. It was on one of these days my cousin and I were leaning over the bulwarks playing with a piece of string. There were some protecting timbers down the side with iron braces connecting. My cousin proposed that we climb down to be nearer the water. We slipped over the bulwarks unobscured and the common duties of life; moreover, they tend to make the body a motor machine rather than the expression of a healthy and refined mind.

An Abandoned Wreck.

On another occasion a ship was sighted with distress signals up. Our captain turned our ship several miles out of our course to render assistance if possible. When we reached her we found her to be an abandoned wreck, which had probably perished in the previous gales we had passed through. In imagination I see her now, with her sails hanging in tatters in the rigging, the boats all gone, the bulwarks washed away, and as she heavily rolled in the trough of the sea she seemed to moan the loss of her captain and crew who had probably found their seaman's graves.

We had a death and a birth on the voyage. A shark had been seen following the ship for several days. This, the sailors said, forewarned of death. When the body was cast overboard in the early morning when but a few attended the solemn scene, it was said that the shark's tail was seen to lash the waters as it dived beneath the sinking corpse.

We were now gradually hearing the American coast. The weather was fine and winds favorable. Nothing of special interest occurred; day after day we sighted more and more ships and at last — O! joyful sound, we heard the cry of a robin which had lighted in the rigging. One of the sailors climbed up and caught it, everyone wanted to see it and to handle it; the American robin had come out to sea to welcome us.

"Sure, it's a sign of good luck," some one said.

The kind-hearted sailor brought it to show my mother who was ill all through the voyage. Everyone was excited; everyone was glad "The Promised Land" was near, where there was plenty of work, plenty of money, and plenty of food for all.

Another day and night sailing and then the cry rang through the ship, "Land ahead!" Everyone was anxious to see it and all were longing to set foot upon it once again. As we sailed up New York bay and past Sandyhook, how impatient I felt, as night drew on and the lights began to twinkle through the gathering shades of night. We reined, too excited to sleep. We heard the anchor chain run out. "Tomorrow we were to land." The voyage of six weeks less one day was over. Tomorrow was to begin our new life in a New World, but what that new life would be none of us could divine.

ANIMALS AND MUSIC.

Experiments have recently been made to test the effect of music on animals. Among a number of horses, a French military doctor, who played the violin, found that when he played a few notes which he called by pricking their ears and by their movements that they liked melody. Another Frenchman tried Beethoven and Schubert on his dog, with disastrous results, but simple tunes and harmonies gave the animal much pleasure. The elephants in the Jardin des Plantes at Paris were treated to an orchestral concert, and showed their high intelligence. They moved rhythmically with the music, proved their dislike of discords forcibly, and became calm and excited in accordance with the moods of the music.

"Won't you sit down, Elmer?" said the lady who lived next door to the small boy who had come on an errand.

"Thank you, but if it's all the same to you I'd rather stand," answered the little fellow. "You see," he went on to explain, "I laughed this morning when papa cut his chin while shaving."

THE ATHLETIC GIRL.

A strong protest is made by a medical contributor to The Lancet against what he terms the excessive indulgence in games which is the characteristic of the modern girl in the better-class schools. The writer says:

"The moment class work is over the public and high class school girl is driven compulsorily to the playing fields to practise games which do not in themselves sufficiently supply a training for all the muscles of the body, and this undue, indeed wicked, devotion to athletics creates 'grogginess' rather than self reliance. The violent games, such as hockey, football, cricket, and even golf, especially when carried to such an excess, are responsible for the 'insurgency' of the modern girl against domestic responsibilities and the common duties of life; moreover, they tend to make the body a motor machine rather than the expression of a healthy and refined mind."

"If the present mental lukewarmness of girls toward the principles of housekeeping, the care of infants, the true instincts of motherhood and civic duties is to be changed, the wild cult of athletics by girls and the congested and continuous time table prepared for them, without a moment's spare time from bed rising to bed retiring, must be abandoned or extensively modified."

"It is a fact that excessive devotion to games is the cause of much of the mental restlessness, the frantic rush toward 'What shall we do next?' the discontent and the inaptitude for work in many girls, who, formerly afraid of nothing, now return from school to their homes, not as the finished article, but merely numb and cold from a lack of resourcefulness and self confidence."

"Such states of mind and body carve the way for the worst type of

"nerves" or neurasthenia, and they create in addition those characteristics described as the 'cricket stoop,' the 'hockey walk,' and the 'golf stride,' or the 'football roll.'"

In view of the controversy which recently started in America upon the question whether the modern woman was not suffering from too much athletics, this pronouncement is attracting much attention in England, where the charge that undue athleticism is making women hard and angular has particular point. In regard to this question of angularity a well known woman doctor has come forward with a solution of the problem as to how a woman may follow athletics as much as she pleases and yet retain the natural outlines of her sex.

Dancing, says this authority, will counteract the evils of excessive athleticism. It is suggested that "under this regime the girl who has been engaged in the morning in a terrific match at Badminton, and has worked vigorously at centre forward for her hockey team for two hours in the afternoon, and has done a brisk half hour of Swedish drill with some marshall of an instructor before dinner, must, if she is not to run the risk of being stiff and angular for the rest of her life, rush off to a ball and dance everything including the extras."

SHE HAD NOTICED.

A little girl of four years old, observing her mother feeding the baby, said:

"Say, mother, why do you put every spoonful of food to your own mouth before giving it to the baby?"

"Well, you see," replied the mother, "I would not like to give anything to the baby without tasting it first myself, to make sure that it is good."

"Well, said the girl, 'I've never seen you do it when you give it castor oil.'"

A QUALITY CAFE

LEWIS' CAFE is bright, cosy and warm. Just the place to go for a Dinner Party or after the Theatre.

"IT'S THE COOKING"

Lewis' Cafe

Orpheum Entrance

Jasper East

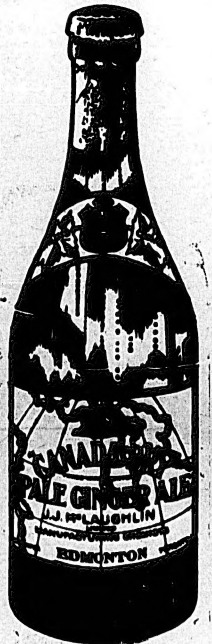
To Edmonton Subscribers of The Saturday News:

The problem of a delivery service is one of the most difficult that a newspaper has to grapple with. Every effort has been made to make that of the Saturday News thoroughly efficient and the management would deem it a favor if subscribers would immediately notify the office when their paper does not arrive on Friday. This is the only means by which it can remedy deficiencies.

Telephone - - - 1961



Alberta's Favorite



Pints, per doz. - 1.10
 Splits, per doz. - .80

A deposit of 25c charged on bottles

PHONE - - - 1436

COAL

EDMONTON BLACK DIAMOND

Increased output enables us to guarantee prompt delivery

MANDERS BROS.

Phone 4325 544 First St.

DIAMONDS

are often

LOST

through becoming loose. We will reset them as good as new remount into the latest style, setting to your order or will remodel your jewelry in our own factory.

Repairs a specialty.

JACKSON BROS.

Leading Jewelers

803 Jasper Ave. E. Edmonton
 Marriage Licenses Issued

Read the 'News'

The Trail to an Eldorado

A Successful New York novelist tells how he longs to return to the Peace River. Some of his experiences as a journalist in Calgary—A tribute to Bob Edwards.

New York Sun.—Hubert Footner, who recently took "Two on the Trail" across the big open Canadian Northwest country—and into print—sat at the open window with a lonesome expression on his face. True, the snowflakes beat against the window, trying to make him feel at home, but it was only a Waverly Place window after all, and a backward turning one at that. Moreover, it doesn't snow during the pleasant season up where the two followed the trail, according to their pen guide, and the pleasant season on the Peace River is what he is hankering for.

"I'm going back in the summer," he said. "Six hundred miles on a raft on the loveless river in the world. The whole trip will cover some 2,000 miles, but the exploration of the beautiful, mysterious Peace, which represents Eldorado to all the people thereabout, is what I'm going for. "Why am I going? First, for a good time, for I've never found a place where I can enjoy myself more; second, for copy, for I've found that the kind I get there pays. I'm going back for more with intent, though I came upon my first by chance."

And then he tells the story: "I went out to the Alberta country as an experienced newspaper man from New York. Understand I went there as one, which doesn't necessarily imply that I was one. In fact I wasn't."

"I was a young Canadian. I had emigrated to New York and I was in business here, and sick of business. Some of my more fortunate young Canadian friends had emigrated to the Northwest. They sent me such glow-

ing reports that I wanted to go too. I asked them to find me a job."

"One did, and it was not until after I'd arrived upon the scene that I found out just what I was to be, what I already was in fact. I was a leading writer for the leading metropolitan papers, and desiring adventure, according to my enterprising friend, had consented to come out and lend my stellar talents to the Calgary press for a time. The Calgary press received me with open arms and I prepared to shine."

"And no one found me out; that is, no one but a hobo variety of that class which no mere mortal could ever hope to deceive, the wandering tramp reporter, as brilliant as uncertain, and always sure of a job because he is so much more capable than any one else on hand. He found me out, but he didn't tell."

"So I entered upon my journalistic career. It was thrilling. Journalism here in New York—I! Mr. Footner's pause is sufficiently expressive. "And it was funny. The trouble is you couldn't use the funniest things if I told you."

"Calgary is one of those little western towns which are always violently agitated; the cause isn't so important as that the agitation be kept going. And because I say 'little western town' don't misapprehend. Calgary is one of the three important cities of that territory, 800 miles from Win-

esque old timer. One day the editors of the two daily papers had an opportunity to tell what they thought of each other in adjoining columns. The 'symposium' was good for keeping the agitation going."

"But did the antagonists know the other side was going to appear?" "They didn't. That's where the excitement came in. The excitement was too good to be true, and for that reason the 'symposium' was necessarily short lived. It had to be put to death."

"The Townsman, that was my paper, was in extreme public disfavor. It wasn't tolerated in polite circles openly. Therefore it prospered. The first number sold 600 copies, the second 1,300 and the third 2,700, which is quite a growth, even for Calgary."

"The more enemies the Townsman got the more it patted itself on the back. For those towns must have agitation to live on. One big day for us was when at a business meeting of a ladies' club each member pledged herself not to buy another copy of the infamous sheet which had in a story of a club meeting, in fiction guise, told how one fair member 'clawed the ivory.' Each took it to herself, and voted hard for public disapproval, thus assuring us a certain number of private readers."

"I also passed under the displeasure of the Alberta Club, of which I was a member, and the governors passed a vote of censure because another fiction guised story allowed a member of a club, read by them 'Alberta Club,' to call the organization a 'sink of iniquity.'"

"Then the Elks got down on us too, because when they went up to Edmonton for a lively time and got tangled in the bills coming back and did considerable rolling over and over, bus, horses, Elks and all, the

"No, indeed. I went with great éclat, or at any rate, I was to have done so."

"A legislative exploring party was got up by the members of the Public Works department—you know the kind of party—wives and daughters, and a semi social air. Unfortunately at the last minute it was discovered that the nature of the trip was such that women could not undertake it, and consequently the whole thing was abandoned."

"That is, it was abandoned by all but me, who was to have been the official reporter. I couldn't give up the idea, so I started out alone."

"It took six weeks to get into the country; then I came upon the secret, mysterious, fascinating Eldorado. The people are simple, natural, gentle, no more like the creatures of the Northwest that inhabit the pages of fiction than I am."

"There are scarcely half a dozen white men in 1,500 miles, and the savage amity half breed is not. They are Cree Indians and are divided into two classes nominally. The Indians get \$500 a year from the Government and the 'breeds' get 100 acres. Therefore for many of the Indians by some mysterious process have become 'breeds,' but as nearly as I or any one else can discover the only difference between the Indians and the 'breeds' is in their

names. The white man's name, worth 160 acres, is the sign of the 'breed.'"

"I had no idea at the time of writing a novel. I made arrangements to syndicate the story of the trip into Canadian newspapers, but I let it go at that until I got back to New York. I wrote some magazine stories, telling of the conditions and the people, the first two of which the Century hesitated at first to take because it didn't know how dependable they were. Fortunately for me Jim Cornwall, one of the well known and picturesque figures out there, was in town at the time, and he read the stories and vouched for their accuracy."

"Then came the novel—first to make it pay, and secondly to tell the story of a people that had never been told. The trail is true; the stage-driver in the book told me the very yarns that he tells in the novel. The only inventions are the leading characters."

"I'm anxious to get back. Up there, every man is an interesting character; every man is on his own bottom; there is no 'system.' And nearly every man has his history."

"Here's a picture I took of Jack Slavin. The ex-priestfighter is now running a stopping house for the winter season, and inspires the respectful terror of the natives of the country."

What loss of Hospitality means

Some interesting considerations presented in the recent damage case in London, Mrs. Asquith being one of the witnesses.

"Hospitality" as an important personal asset, which might mean merely meat and drink, or, less barbarously, a spiritual comfort important to the social human, has been considered interestingly if not conclusively in London in the suit of Mrs. Caroline Alice Jane West, wife of Mr. Horace West, against Sir Algernon West, her father-in-law, for slander. The hearing was before Mr. Justice Darling in the King's Bench Division.

Mrs. West, after her separation from her husband, discovered that formerly friendly doors were closed to her. Lord Welby "cut" her. Mrs. Maria Hamilton, wife of Admiral Hamilton, also eliminated her, as did others, and her life became a barren one. It was repeated in fashionable circles that she had been "extravagant." Sir Algernon had mentioned this frequently and it was assumed to justify the husband.

Mrs. Asquith was a witness at the trial.

"Have you ever heard of a lady being excluded from society because she was 'extravagant?'" asked the judge.

"No, never," said the nimble-witted wife of the prime minister. "I should say it is a passport in society."

"Do you suggest that they cut you because of extravagance?" asked the judge of Mrs. West.

"When a woman is separated from her husband," said the plaintiff, "and it is said that extravagance is the cause, people think the woman is separated through her own fault."

"They think extravagance is alleged and something else is meant?" suggested the judge.

"I think so," the lady answered.

So much for the causes. The result was "loss of hospitality," and the question was what damage followed.

Counsel for the defendant thought it was plainly material—the loss of "the opportunity of greater luxury at the houses of friends; in plain words, the getting of better food than she would obtain at home." It involved merely the loss of gratuitous entertainment, the loss of food and drink.

"Or a ball or evening party," suggested the judge.

"That would be amusement," counsel for the defence thought.

"I said a ball or evening party," said the judge, denying the possibility of amusement.

Counsel for the plaintiff was appalled by the barbarous opinion of society held by his opponent—as if persons of social importance were roaming the country to snatch a meal here and there. He "rated hospitality higher—as a comfort, as a mental and spiritual solace. Mrs. West had not been deprived of food. She had been starved socially. Guests were invited to companionship. If they came for food the fault was theirs—not that of hospitality per se. We trust that counsel for the plaintiff has the right of it. Otherwise the restaurant coo-

ing "trust" is overlooking an opportunity in not contracting for the checking privileges in our fashionable homes. If the guests come merely for victuals they might as well be stuck up for a quarter to get their hats."

"I used to count a day mispent," he says, reminiscence, "that my husband said, 'But my head escaped.'"

"Did you have to escape to the Peace River?"

In Mrs. West's case fate is unkind, because it is the second starvation period. Her first husband misbehaved—committed bigamy in America. Mrs. West got a divorce. It was in Queen Victoria's time. Automatically the unfortunate lady passed out of court life. This was brought out at the recent trial. The procedure fascinated the attention of Judge Darling, whose curiosity was greater than his information.

"There is one thing which ought to be cleared up," he said. Mr. Gill asked a question which led to the lady saying she was never invited to court in the time of Queen Victoria because she had taken proceedings of divorce against her husband."

"Mrs. West," said counsel for the defence, "do you know what the rule in Queen Victoria's time was with regard to persons who had been parties to divorce?"

"I believe they did not attend court."

"Whether they were innocent or not?"

"Yes."

"It is a notorious rule, my lord," said counsel for the defence.

Evidently there was no loss of bread and butter there, but nevertheless a loss. Mrs. West had suffered twice—once because of an inflexible court rule, and again because she was alleged to be extravagant. And counsel for the defence jocosely argues that all she has been deprived of is free meat and drink.

Forbes-Taylor Company

Customiers

233 Jasper - - West

First delivery of Trimmings arrived this week.

Designs more beautiful, and colorings more perfect than ever.

Special shipment of La Chic Corsets in several new Styles.



The Original and Only Genuine — Beware of imitations — Sold on the Merit of Minard's Liniment



TOWARDS THE R APPROCHEMENT.
 Crown Prince of Germany (in last writing home): "Dear Papa, I am doing myself proud. These English aren't half get to know them"—Punch.

nipeg. It considers itself the metro polis.

"How large is it?" "That depends on whom you ask. If you ask a Calgary real estate dealer he will tell you 30,000 inhabitants; if you ask over in Edmonton, the other town in the province, you will be told 9,000. But mere figures make no difference. It's just as important—and feels it."

"I worked under Bob Edwards for a while. Never heard of Bob Edwards? That's your misfortune. He's one of the world's geniuses, and the Eye Opener is his organ. That is, it was up to a month ago, which is the last I've heard from it. The Eye Opener is a bit uncertain, for, as I said, its publisher is a genius."

"How often is it issued?" "Occasionally. That may mean once a week, and again it may not. Bob is a genius. That is the reason he needed an assistant; not that he wasn't capable of writing the whole issue himself, and much better than with any amount of assistance. But as his subscribers insisted on a semblance of regularity of issue, and as Bob was a genius, I got a job."

"It wasn't a tame job. Nor was my second venture when I got ambitious and thought I'd start a paper of my own. It was a weekly too. I decided to run a 'gymnasium,' in which I'd have two sides of one story told in parallel columns by the contesting parties."

"One day the Baptist minister, who was like one, contrasted up against the chief of police, who was a pictur-

Townsman thought the story of too general interest to let it pass unnoticed.

"At times we found it necessary to mix in politics. Everybody out there keeps interested in everything. Early in our career the mayoralty election was the sensation of the moment and an Alderman was up for the office whom the newspaper men detested. He deserved being detested, but unfortunately was supported by the mortal element."

"So we hesitated to attack him outright at the start and contented ourselves with putting a few stray shafts of ridicule in his side, had fun with him. As we anticipated, this hurt, and brought him forth."

Next week, after a council meeting, he invited me over to his office. The stage setting was complete, blinds drawn, excellent brand of cigars on table, etc. He wanted the Townsman's editorial columns to support him at ad advertising rates. We were just starting and I had up for money, and he knew it.

"Weren't you tempted?" "Not a bit of it. His paid advertising looked good, but the verbatim account of that midnight meeting circulating through Calgary looked better. That fat old fellow will never know how much he helped me. I can forgive him for threatening to knock my head off."

"I used to count a day mispent," he says, reminiscence, "that my husband said, 'But my head escaped.'"

"Did you have to escape to the Peace River?"

S.W. SANDERSON

762 FIRST ST. PHONE 1784

PHOTOGRAPHER

JASPER'S NOTE BOOK

(Continued from page one.)

frozen to death between thirty and forty miles still further north.

The work of Constable Thorne in locating these men and bringing the one, still alive back to Prairie Creek, is an exploit on a par with the best in the traditions of the force according to Leslie Zohrab, Justice of the Peace at Prairie Creek, who reached Edmonton from the west Wednesday.

"On February 6th," said Mr. Zohrab, "an Indian arrived at Prairie Creek with the information that two trappers were in hard straits some distance to the north."

"Constable Thorne, from Mile 84, was then in town and at once saddled his horse and taking an ordinary guide struck out for the north. After going about 25 miles, he found one of the trappers in a camp badly frozen, but able to tell him he had left his companion some miles to the north unable to proceed. The policeman wrapped the man in blankets and left the Indian with him, while he

himself rode on, in the hopes of finding the other trapper still alive. Thirty-five miles further, he came on the other trapper wrapped in his blankets, lying in his old fire, where he had fallen exhausted. Unable to take back the body, he raised a corral around it, covering the body with brush and sticks to keep the wolves away. He then rode back to the first trapper's camp where he placed the trapper on his own horse and set, he and the Indian tramping along side all the way back to Prairie Creek. The man was at once admitted to the hospital for treatment. In all likelihood both feet will have to be amputated.

The annual report of the Mounted Police is full of such stories as this of duty unostentatiously performed. Is it any wonder that this fine corps occupies the place that it does in the regard of all westerners. It has done more to instill love and respect for British institutions and to make good Canadians of the thousands who are flocking into our territory than almost any other agency.

THE INVESTOR

Thursday's Vancouver Province had the following: A raid on Alberta-Canadians, and a further rise in the price of American-Canadians were the chief items of interest in the transactions on the local stock exchange. The weakness in the first named was rather unexpected, and the price declined from 20 1/4 to 20. At the close, however, the pressure seemed to be somewhat relieved, for the moment, at least, and the last sale took place at 1/4 better than the low price.

Steady bidding of the usual kind was responsible for the advance in American-Canadian oils, and there seems to be no difficulty in moving this stock up. At the close the bid was 56 1/2, an advance of 1/4 since yesterday.

The address given by Mr. William Pearson on "Town Planning" at this week's meeting of the Real Estate Exchange was carefully listened to by the members present who were apparently deeply impressed with the importance of the ideas outlined by Mr. Pearson. The speaker stated that while, in Winnipeg, this movement did not originate with the real estate men, still it was one to which the real estate men, who are ever the forefront in any plan for the city's welfare and improvement, are relied upon to give their usual whole-hearted support. A committee of the Exchange was appointed to work conjointly with others in this movement to make Winnipeg the best place on earth in which to live—Winnipeg Town Topics.

About 600 British immigrants arrived in Winnipeg on Wednesday of last week on two special trains, and the officials realized that spring was coming. Most of the new arrivals were met by relatives and friends. An unusually large percentage of young men are included in the lot, and it is expected most of these will go out to work on farms. There are more than enough applications from Western farmers to give work to all.

F. T. Griffin, C.P.R. Land Commissioner at Winnipeg, is on a visit to the headwaters at Montreal, states that within the last two years twenty million acres of government lands have been taken up as homesteads and pre-emptions. The result is that the last block of open prairie available in the west for homestead entry and pre-emption has been practically taken up and future homesteaders will have to resort to the partially wooded lands of the northern and outlying districts and will have to purchase from the railway companies and other holders. This is bound to mean a further increase in the value of land.

Once again an English firm shows confidence in Camrose by purchasing \$100,000 worth of business property from F. P. Layton. The firm is the Canadian Towns and Cities Co., Ltd., of Liverpool, England, and the lots were purchased by E. Bailey, their Canadian manager. Mr. Bailey was quite enthusiastic about the future of Camrose, and he announced that his company would do a lot of building already invested in 21 towns in Canada. Another caller on Mr. Layton this week was W. F. Brown, of Sedgewick, superintendent of the C. P. R. ready-made farms. Mr. Brown said that Camrose was the best advertised town in Alberta, as, when conducting operations for the C. P. R. in Illinois this winter, in every town he visited the one question was always asked, "was the land he had to sell near Cam-

rose?" Every farmer down there has heard of the fertility of the soil in this district, and when they speak of Canada they think of Camrose—Camrose Canadian.

It is expected that the strip of the H. B. reserve comprising 70 blocks, to be placed on the market will be available to the public in the course of about two weeks. The plans filed with the commissioners show two main thoroughfares, each 100 feet wide, crossing the reserve diagonally. They are to be named Kingsway and Portage avenue, and will join the north west corner of the reserve with a point of First street one block north of Churchill, and the north east corner with a point one block north of Churchill. (Bow avenue the new avenue will be called).

In the corners of triangles formed by the intersecting roads will be located four parks, each ten acres in extent, and a large public square will be situated at the centre of the reserve.

Norwood boulevard will be continued west across the reserve as a 100 foot street, but the others will be of standard width only.

HOME AND SOCIETY

(Continued from page five.)

crepe de chine, with pearl embroidery.

The quaintly pretty rooms were fragrant and lovely with many cut flowers, and the table decorations of daffodils and fern in a chrysanthemum on a centre piece of yellow silk, veiled in chiffon with a great yellow chrysanthemum-shaded electric light over all, were exceedingly beautiful.

Mrs. Wallace Macdonald and Mrs. Hayes poured tea and coffee and Mrs. Jax Smith served the ice, while Miss Gwen Barnes, Miss Beck, Miss Nora Campbell, Miss Down, Miss Scott and Miss McKenny assisted.

Talk about your fashionable and bumper audiences, didn't Terry carry off the record? Why it was a triumph, one performance after the other. Never were such thrice parties in Edmonton, had I space I should have liked to have mentioned some of them, but time and room will not permit.

"By all odds the Jolliest and most congenial crowd yet" was the universal dictum of all those who attended the last Assembly of the season at the Cecil Hotel on Friday last.

Those present seemed to enter into the spirit of the thing with the realization that they were taking their last fling for a good long time and dancers stayed on late, and even when "God Save the King" was played, seemed loth to depart.

Mr. Wilfrid Barnes has been a most admirable secretary, and all in all the series of dances have been exceptionally well managed.

Where there were so many pretty partners and smartly gowned women, it is hard to choose, but some I noticed, were: Mrs. Mowat Biggar, very striking in white crepe de chine with exquisite lace and touches of Dresden silk; Mrs. Pardee, a noticeable attractive partner in palest pink with a semi-overdose of black and silver embroidery, with heavy fringed kamurite, Mrs. Barnes in a rich black toilette, Mrs. Rogers, a delightful visitor also in black, Mrs. Nightingale, radiant in lovely white silk embroidered net, who brought her sister Miss Hudspeh in a very smart black lace frock, Mrs. Scoble daintily love-

ly in pale blue striped satin, Mrs. Clark Dennis in a little French dancing gown of spring-like violet, and with her, Miss Lindner, in a fascinating gown of some sheer white material with lovely embroideries, Mrs. Kenneth Mackenzie looking very sweet in pale blue, Mrs. Duncan Smith a regal figure in black satin with a black and gold over-dress, Mrs. Bowers attractively gowned in most becoming black, Mrs. Robert Mays, who wore one of the most artistic gowns, a black lace with the loveliest arrangement of jet on the bodice, with the becoming new sleeves with no shoulder line, Mrs. Burnham in her white satin wedding gown with beautiful rose point lace garniture, with pearl embroideries, Mrs. Collins, a visitor, in white embroidered satin with red tulips in her dark hair, Madame Delvaux in white with becoming touches of pink, Mrs. Frank Somerville in a graceful black toilette, Mrs. H. F. Whitaker, who looked very striking in her white satin robe de noces with crystal embroideries, Mrs. Hubbard in an ultra-modish creation of white chiffon, with touches of pale blue and crystal and bands of brown marabout, Mrs. Barford very pretty in pale blue embroidered net, Mrs. Palmer in rich white satin, Mrs. Little of Camrose in pink and green frock with jewelled accessories, Mrs. Richards in white silk with a lace over-dress and touches of gold, Mrs. Donald Macdonald in pink satin veiled in grey chiffon, Mrs. Hugh Campbell in loveliest pale blue, Mrs. Gillespie in graceful white satin, dainty Miss Winnifred Macdonald of Winnipeg as pretty as a picture in white embroidered chiffon over pink satin with the faintest suggestion of blue, and chrysanthemum embroideries, Miss Armour in old rose with chrysanthemum touches, Miss Barnes in coral yellow as always a belle, Miss Norah Campbell a very popular partner in old rose crepe de chine with handsome gold embroidery, Miss Marian Ross a daintily pretty girl in white satin, Miss McKenny also in white satin, Miss Down in her lovely coming-out frock of white satin and chrysanthemum touches, Miss McAlpine very sweet in pale blue Dresden and gold, Miss Fairservice in black and white and handsome in black and Miss Canchon in white satin.

A CHANGE IN QUARTERS.

Messrs. Barnes and Gibbs, architects, have moved into new offices in the Imperial Bank Building, formerly occupied by the firm of Emery, Newell, Ford, Bolton and Mount, who have transferred their quarters to the new building of the Canada Permanent on McDougall street.

MIGHT SPARE A FEW.

It is said that never was there a gentler critic than Doctor McClintock of Dickinson College. One day a young orator presented his speech for Doctor McClintock's approval. He evidently did not anticipate adverse criticism.

He received it nevertheless, given in the doctor's gentle, humorous way. "It's a good speech," he said, "but which never could offend."

There were, perhaps, a little too much of a certain sort of rhetoric. For instance, I find in it two midnight owls, two midnight wolves, three American eagles and four unfurling banners. It seems to me that the supply exceeds the demand."

Never look backward to the grapes that set your father's teeth on edge, but to the possibilities within yourself.

Common sense teaches the economy of force and strength as much as of money.



With a lead of four to overcome the Edmonton Deacons had a heavy job on their hands in the final game of the Alberta Amateur Championship with the Calgary St. Mary's. They won by 7 to 5 but were thus two to the bad on the round. It was good hockey throughout. The Calgary men are, of course, highly pleased with themselves and now propose to go, after the Allan Cup, which the Winnipeg Victorias successfully defended during the past week against the Kenoras.

That the amateur season has been unsatisfactory everyone admits. It is by no means certain that he best team in the province won out and though the St. Mary's have a good aggregation, they cannot take the same satisfaction out of their victory as they would have done if all teams had played out the series. But those who speak pessimistically about the future of amateur hockey because there has been trouble over the enforcement of the rules cannot have had much to do with the game. All that is necessary is that more care be taken next year in defining the regulations and in putting men into office who will see that they are strictly carried out.

Stetler carried off the Fitz-Roy trophy, that left-over of the days of Edmonton's Stanley Cup aspirations, scoring the two deciding goals in the closing minutes of last Friday's game. Considering the fact that Edmonton's team was improved on short notice for the defence of the trophy, it did not do badly at all. The Stetler people who came up to the Capital, enjoyed their victory so much that it would have been a shame to have deprived them of it.

Brains Necessary in Curling Game.

Sports have one feature in common, they are all dependent on quick thinking, and consequent acting, for their success. The thinking is the first essential, and is the foundation principle from which the subsequent mechanical perfection is built up. There is probably no game that changes thought into action as does curling, says the writer in the Toronto Telegram. In curling, every play, to be successfully operated, must be conceived (pictured in the mind) before it is made. And it must be pictured by at least two people from different standpoints.

The skip at his end has in his mind the shot in relation to the whole scheme of his game, the man playing the stone has a picture of the particular shot, the shoulder he will put into it, the course his stone will take down the rink.

There is possibly no contest that gives the same opportunity for psychological research as the curling game. Here are gathered young men, matured men, old men, and their skill with brain and hand, and contention with their opponents and themselves supply a great field. All the human passions are stirred on the curling rink with the better side invariably predominating.

Thought is the force, stones and ice—a hard pair—are the instruments. It should be interesting to figure out the kind of ice and the sort of stones that would suit different temperaments. There are many different kinds of both.

Kinds of Stones.

For instance, curling stones are made from four distinct varieties of granite. There is first the red home stone. They are of the best quality and most expensive. The rock is not quite so brittle and they are not so likely to break.

The blue home is the second stone. The stones are almost equal to the red but they wear a little more quickly.

In the olden days Ailsa Craigs were the common stones. They are dark and light green mottled, and are very useful rocks. They are more brittle than the home stones, however, and wear smooth more quickly.

The hardest and heaviest rock of all is whinstone. Stones made from this granite are about half the size of the

others and work well when worked into playing shape—after many years, as a rule.

The home stones are those in general use today. They are made in all manner of shapes and sizes, from the saucer shape to the tall and slender, weights varying from 35 to 50 pounds. As in most things, it will be found that the extremists are as a rule not the best players.

For instance, the man who plays a very low stone is likely to be a person of nervous, peevish temperament, and will probably flop his stone down on the ice. If he plays a running shot it will be a rocker. He is likely to be a man with little eccentricities.

He who plays a high setting stone will probably be one of the modern geniuses who shove their stone rather than swing it at the shoulder. This form of imparting impetus is not so bad on keen ice, but on heavy ice it is fatal. The player, instead of lifting the stone up and delivering it clearly scarcely moves it off the ice, and imparts most of the force by means of the waist. This is bad form, the result of ignorance when learning the game, and though many good curlers are coming to the front who use it, they would probably be better players if they "cut it out." It was always considered correct to hold your handle across your body when playing the box-turn, but the "shovers" never do this as it is not adapted to that style of delivery.

Moderation Best.

The medium stone in general conformation and weight is the best stone for good form players—and good form counts more in curling than many imagine. It slips out of the hand easily and slides smoothly along the ice, taking a good horizon. It is best for a running or draw shot as the case may be. The men who play it there are numerous exceptions—will be found to be the backbone of the curling game.

Now, regarding ice, the rule respecting the truism about moderate condition will hardly hold. The keener and leveler the ice the more scientific the play. On heavy or crooked ice the element of chance is much more a factor than on a hard, true sheet.

On sticky ice the game becomes coarser, that is, it takes a less finer power of balance in the hand; and is more a game of brute force and luck. The stones either run nearly straight on a fast shot or draw yards on a slow one. The man who has the best shoulder and the most horse-shoes on his person is likely to gain the verdict.

On wet ice the game reverts to the old original game of hard, straight shooting—the stones will have practically no draw, and the man who gets them in the ring is the probable winner.

Crooked Ice a Leveller.

On crooked ice curling becomes a chance. A player may play what is apparently a perfect shot, and a run in the ice will carry him astray. It is particularly distressing when there are a series of ridges in the ice. Then an inch in delivering may make a difference of feet at the other end. Crooked ice is the abomination of all good curlers and the salvation of many poor ones. It adds a spice of luck to the game, and is a leveller of the players' ability, giving the weak a chance with the strong, and so is not without an excuse for existing.

A great curler should be able to curl on any old sort of ice, but will, of course, show more form on keen, hard, true ice. Under these conditions the game is a true test of skill, and if two crack rinks are playing a great contest of brain and skill is sure to result.

All the characteristics of the war general in sizing up situations quickly and decisively, in attacking the weakest point of the friend, the enemy, and in defending his own game, are requisites. The skip conceives the plays and the whole rink follows out his conception more or less imperfectly. Under such conditions a man must be able to stand up under adverse conditions and hold his head when he gets in the lead. He must play fair, square and hard. He is called upon to play every conceivable shot and many that were never seen, heard or dreamt of before. A man to be a great and consistent curler under these conditions must be all man, and it is these that the game breeds.

A MISAPPLIED DIMINUTIVE.

The late Bishop William N. McVickar of Rhode Island harbored a large soul in a body to match. He was a bachelor, whose sister kept house for him.

On one occasion he telephoned to his tailor that he wished to have a pair of trousers pressed, and the tailor sent a boy to his residence to get them.

The bishop's sister admitted the messenger, and called upstairs, "Willie, the boy has called for your trousers!"

When her brother appeared, the youth's astonished gaze traversed the prelate's impressive "corporeality"; then he murmured: "Geel! Is that Willie?"

There is more force unnecessarily expended by false movements than used to perform a day's work.

Weakness takes a braced and constrained attitude in business as well as body.

NOTICE

An important meeting of the Alberta Humane Society will be held at the Board of Trade rooms on Thursday evening, March 9th at 8 o'clock. All persons interested are invited.

T. G. Pearce
Secretary.

WANTED

You to know that the Travis-Barker Exchange Mart

(McDougall Ave, south of Jasper)

Is a complete Farm and House Furnishing Establishment. Almost everything in home wants may be had. Granite ware in every variety of shape and tint. A wonderful No. 9 Cooking Stove with extra strong cast iron parts \$13.75 A No. 7 sells at \$10.75 A No. 11 is a Marvel Heater No. 11 \$6.95 A No. 13 \$7.75 A No. 15 \$9.75 Full size Iron Bed with brass knobs only \$24.95 A beautiful Art Design Health Mattress \$4.75 An Unstained American Organ, just as good as new, cost \$175.00 will sell for \$69.00 A strong full size spring of excellent workmanship, braced in every part for \$25.00 Oak Dresser with large size plate glass for \$27.50 Wash Stand for \$19.95 All Wool 7 lb. Blankets at \$24.95 Flannel Sheets \$19.95 Building Paper, Tar Paper. Toilet Sets. Horse Rugs, from \$3.25

Trunks and Valises in large variety and all sizes. The Exchange buys everything and sells at prices that alone are responsible for the great turnover. Why there are thousands of things at the Exchange that cannot be catalogued. Call and see and if you have anything to sell call up 1532.